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PENNSYLVANIA.—THE APPALLING RAILWAY DISASTER AT MUD RUN, OCTOBER 10TH—DRAGGING THE WRECKED ENGINE FROM THE TELESCOPED TRAIN.

FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK ADAMS.—SEE PAGE 153.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 20, 1888.

CLEVELAND'S CRUDITIES CONSIDERED—IS
THE DUTY ADDED TO THE PRICE?

THE vital issue of the present political canvass is the maintenance of the policy of protection, as against the free-trade theories advanced by the President and his supporters. It is a question of such vast importance, that the principles involved cannot be too widely or constantly discussed, to the end that fallacies may be exposed and the truth clearly established.

The argument for and against protective duties began more than a hundred years ago. It has, during that period, occupied the best minds in all civilized States, and, as a result, the practice of the most progressive countries has been settled in favor of protection to native industries. In this respect the practice of Great Britain is not in accordance with her theories, as she had adopted a fiscal policy suited to her own peculiar circumstances and intended to foster her own industries. It is not free trade, as England derives annually about a hundred millions of dollars from customs duties; but it is a system which is commended to other countries under the name of free trade.

In his message to Congress, and also in his letter accepting the Presidential nomination, President Cleveland has made sensational contributions to the discussion of this question. He appears to be quite in earnest in supposing that these essays contain valuable information for the American people. If they had not become the platform of a great political party, even the eminence of their author could not have secured for them respectful consideration. If the country is to be converted into a school of political economy, the President's place would not be among the teachers of the science, for he simply has no knowledge whatever of the subject. The President does not approach the subject in a judicial frame of mind, and he is evidently ignorant of the history of the tariff laws, which he denounces as the vicious, inequitable and illogical source of unnecessary taxation. He makes a feeble effort to show that they are vicious and inequitable, but he cannot show that they are illogical. They are not in any sense a source of unnecessary taxation, because the entire revenue from customs is not equal to the ordinary expenses of the Government.

The confidence with which President Cleveland asserts that the tariff laws, "as their primary and plain effect, raise the price to consumers of all articles imported and subject to duty, by precisely the sum paid for such duties," excites astonishment. One asks, "Is it possible for a man to be President of the United States and yet be so ignorant?" What is the incidence of tariff duties? is a question which can only be answered by a study of each particular case. There is absolutely no one who has ever given the least consideration to the subject (which means no one who has the right to either have or express an opinion) who must not regard the President's assertion as a flagrant stupidity. The duty is one of the expenses which the foreign producer must pay to obtain access to the American market; it is a charge not differing in its nature or effect from the cost of transportation, insurance, rent, interest or wages; and whether he can add the whole of these charges, or but a part of them, to the price of his commodity, depends entirely upon the state of the market, the demand for his commodity, and the kind and degree of competition which he encounters in making sales.

The importer of foreign goods gets the highest price for his goods which the market will afford. If the article in which he deals is one of the necessities of life, or for any reason is in constant and great demand, then the question of an inadequate or redundant supply will affect the price, irrespective of any element in the cost of production. If there is, therefore, a reduction of duty made, it will not necessarily inure to the benefit of the consumer, for the trader or importer will take the highest price that the market affords, and reduction in the price of the imported article will only be made, as a consequence of a reduction of duties, where there is a corresponding domestic article which enters into competition with it. The reduction will only be in the amount which may be necessary to defeat the domestic producer and to take his market away from him, and it will be maintained just as long as domestic production continues to be active and competitive. With the destruction of domestic competition, the cost of articles of prime necessity, which can then only be obtained by importation, can be advanced to the point where there is a partial inability to purchase and consume them.

Take a simple illustration of the laws of trade: The producer of potatoes who is twenty-five miles from the market town, and who has to pass through a toll-gate to get there, cannot receive any more for his potatoes in the market than the farmer who is only a mile away from it. He pays the cost of getting to market with his potatoes, and he gets the highest price he can obtain for his commodity, that price being fixed by the demand for potatoes and the relation of the supply to that demand, as

being inadequate, or sufficient, or redundant. If the toll-gate through which the farmer has to pass is abolished, this may be no benefit at all to the consumer, as the farmer may simply add the tolls to his profits.

We import into the United States a small quantity of wheat, which pays a duty of twenty cents a bushel. Does the President suppose that this duty of twenty cents is paid by the consumer, or is any factor whatever in fixing the market price of wheat? He asserts not only that the duty is added to the price of the imported article, but also to the price of the corresponding domestic article, the increment in the one case going into the Treasury, and in the other case going into the pockets of the producer or manufacturer of the domestic article. This is a flagrant absurdity, and untrue. Because of the duty of twenty cents under which some wheat is imported, the farmer does not receive twenty cents per bushel upon his wheat in addition to the normal profit.

Whether the importer or whether the consumer pays the duty, or whether it is divided, and paid partly by the importer and partly by the consumer, is a question which can only be decided approximately after the most careful examination of each particular case. Has the original duty of twenty-eight dollars a ton on steel rails, and the later duty of seventeen dollars, been a tax upon the consumer or not? When the duty was first laid there was hardly any American manufacture of rails; the imposition of the duty was followed by a rapid development of the American manufacture, and an equally rapid reduction in the price of rails. Without the protection there could have been no production of rails in the United States. It is conceivable that, even depending upon foreigners altogether for our supply, the original high prices could not have been fully maintained; but can it be assumed that the constantly increasing and finally redundant supply of American rails has had no effect in fixing prices, and that the reduction in price from one hundred and sixty-six dollars a ton, when the American manufacture began, to the present price of thirty dollars a ton, would have been effected without it?

The office of protection is to promote competition. A duty that does not accomplish this is not sustained by protectionists. It is a duty for revenue only, and as such is obnoxious to them. Comparison of the free list in the Morrill Tariff and of the free list as it stands to-day will show the care that has been taken to abolish duties that are a tax upon the consumer, because they could not promote competition.

No duty is sustained by protectionists merely because it is for the benefit of manufacturers or workmen in a particular branch of industry. It must be more than this—it must be a benefit to the whole country.

OFFICE-SEEKING.

A FEW weeks ago the report was started in Wisconsin that Mr. Horace Rublee, editor of the Milwaukee *Sentinel* and ex-Minister to Switzerland, aspired to a certain office. Mr. Rublee promptly denied the report, and imparted a more than local interest to his card by giving this reason: "There is no office in the gift of the people that I would take at the cost of the personal humiliation and degradation which seem to be necessary to obtain an office."

About the same time a Democrat of character and standing in Brooklyn was reported to have aspirations for a seat in Congress which is soon to be vacant. The *Eagle* sent a reporter to interview him as to the truth of the report, and he said that he would accept a candidacy, but only upon the condition that there should be an "unsolicited tender of the nomination." The *Eagle*, which is as prominent in the Democratic press as the *Sentinel* among Republican papers, thereupon ridiculed the gentleman for his ignorance of ruling conditions, remarking that "those who control politics in this town do not dispose of places in this way."

More recently the Republicans of Massachusetts were called upon to nominate a candidate for Treasurer, the incumbent having declined a re-election. The position is an honorable and a lucrative one, with a salary of \$6,000 a year, and it has always been held to demand proved business capacity and experience. People with old-fashioned ideas of this sort suggested for the vacancy the name of a quiet and modest Boston gentleman, with experience in large business affairs, a special knowledge of the State finances, and a valuable acquaintance among solid men in the business centres—in short, quite the ideal man for the place. But the office was wanted by a politician, who had held various other offices, and thus secured a wide acquaintance among the men who control conventions. Accordingly he began making appeals for support by letter, and followed these up by going in person to the convention and circulating freely among the delegates, many of whom were indebted to him for personal favors granted while he was Speaker of the Legislature. On the other hand, the Boston man declined to make anything like a personal canvass for the place, preferring to stand solely upon his merits. The result was the nomination of the man who pushed himself, by a vote of five to one.

Unfortunately, there was nothing novel about this incident, and it did not surprise anybody. On the contrary, it was generally regarded as a matter of course. The Boston *Transcript*, a fair-minded and conservative journal, frankly says that "the idea of office seeking the

men is nearly 'played out' in this State," adding: "An honest, deserving and every way capable aspirant for a responsible position has little chance to obtain a nomination before a convention if his rival is a prominent politician, with an abundance of party workers to 'whoop it up' for him." How far the change in public sentiment has gone is illustrated by the fact that delegates to the convention referred to, after admitting that the Boston man ought to be nominated, would add, in a vague, puzzled way, "But he doesn't seem to be making any effort to secure the office," as if such a candidacy were hardly entitled to support.

The worst of it is that the evil in question is not confined to any section of the country. We have cited illustrations from New England, the Middle States, and the West. It would be easy enough to furnish similar examples from the South and the Pacific Coast. Throughout the country there is complaint among right-minded men that things are radically wrong; and that, broadly speaking, modest merit gets no recognition, while blatant self-seeking carries off the prizes. It is a great deal easier to point out the evil than it is to show how it is to be cured. However, the first step towards improvement is an awakening of the public mind, and to this end it is essential that attention shall be sharply called to the matter. We do not believe that the American people are ready, upon serious consideration of the subject, to turn over the control of their government to professional politicians.

SOCIETY WOMEN AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS.

THE world is surely moving. Time was, and not so long ago but that a good many of us can remember it, when the suggestion that any dark social problem might receive illumination from women's minds would have been received with scorn. That society women, of all others, women "in the swim" and whirl of city life, should have any help to bring to the puzzled men who were trying to untie the hard knots of human life, would have been considered a suggestion to the last degree absurd.

But a generation passes by, and a marked change has taken place. It is now as much "the thing" for women to be interested in social questions as for them to keep up with current literature, or to be abreast with the times in matters of art. Of course there are still women who think only of fashion and of amusement, as there are women entirely absorbed in home interests, their husbands and children, and housekeeping-books; but the number of women of means and of social position who are continually extending the sphere of their interests, whose horizons are constantly widening to include, not only practical work, but thoughtful study of questions that concern human welfare, is increasing every year.

In this city, for instance, there is a league of more than four hundred women of but a single religious denomination who meet together monthly to read and discuss original papers on topics of the widest and deepest social import. For the past three years, also, a series of public conferences have been carried on by a committee of women, in which such subjects as charity organization, petty doles or adequate relief, the condition of women prisoners, and many others, have received careful and profound treatment. It is hardly too much to claim that the ultimate success of the Police Matrons Bill, rejected with contempt by the previous Legislature, and discounted even by the Prison Reform Association, was largely due to the flood of illumination poured upon it by that one of these conferences which was devoted to the subject. The conferences are to be continued during the coming season, and it is believed that equal good in some other line will result from them.

The women who organize and support these conferences are nearly all of them as well known in the best social circles of this city as they are in practical philanthropic work. For they are by no means mere theorists, nor affected with a temporary craze for philanthropy. There are among them middle-aged and elderly women, who have spent long years in humanitarian works, and are experts in one or another branch of it; there are also young women, still favorites in society, still youthful enough to enjoy balls and opera parties, and pretty enough to deserve and to receive admiration, who are fast becoming fitted to take the place of the elders as they vanish from the scene—nay, who, with their keen young insight, and fresh courage, and more recent habits of study, are already taking the lead in new movements. Such are many of the movers in working-girls' vacation societies, King's Daughters, and other associations of real power, entirely the products of the present age, and suited to meet present emergencies.

It is, of course, to be expected that as it becomes a matter of good form for women to busy themselves with social subjects, a good many will join the ranks merely for the sake of doing as others do. None the less is the present tendency an omen of good to the social system.

HALF A LIFETIME IN PRISON.

TO have spent thirty-three years at hard labor in a state prison, and then to be released by Executive pardon, falls to the lot of few criminals; yet that is what has happened in the case of Michael Gorman, convicted of murder in the City of Brooklyn in July, 1855, and since then confined at Sing Sing undergoing a life-sentence. This case is peculiar and interesting in many particulars, and the facts are worthy of being noted, because here is an instance where a man found guilty of murder has had clemency twice extended to him—first, in the commutation of the death-sentence; and again, in the final remission of the life-term, being given his final discharge.

It appears that Gorman came to this country from Ireland at the age of twenty; that he lived with his parents in Brooklyn, pursuing avocations of his class of life, but generally that of a city teamster. On the day of the commission of the crime, Gorman had drawn his wages and set out to make merry. While under the influence of liquor he lay down by the wayside to sleep, using his coat as a pillow. After a while three men came along, and it was alleged they attacked him. He sprang up and went at them with a knife. Two of the men died, but the third recovered. The jury convicted Gorman upon the testimony of the survivor, but Governor Clark, in view of all the uncertainties of the case, commuted the death-penalty, under earnest and influential entreaties, to life-confinement. Then, over thirty years ago, began a stubborn fight, by every known art of urgent appeal, to successive Governors for his unconditional pardon as a wrongfully convicted man. And here comes in the romance of the case. When Gorman was at the Lagan parish school in Ireland, James Dolan was one of his playmates

and boyish friends; and when the convict was shut up in Sing Sing, Dolan began to lay his plans to secure the liberty of his friend, being convinced that the latter had acted wholly in self-defense. He secured the co-operation of influential friends, and the district attorney and judge who had tried the prisoner placed themselves on record as favoring a pardon on grounds of justice. Governor Fenton, over twenty years ago, was appealed to in vain. Then men of celebrity like Henry Ward Beecher, and prominent officials, all besought by Dolan, joined in the prayer to the Executive; and finally the judge and district attorney again went so far as to visit him in prison, to assure him of their belief of his unjust confinement. When Governor Cornell—who has been the most obdurate of all recent Governors in resisting appeals for mercy or clemency on grounds of justice—was besought, he promised to do something, but never did. Again Dolan went forward. His influence, gathered and garnered for years, grew in magnitude and significance, and when Governor Hill succeeded Cleveland he presented a petition containing 7,600 of the most prominent names in Brooklyn. The Governor considered the case long and carefully. But he thought that it would be a wrong to the prisoner to release him at an age—sixty-one years—when no longer able to support himself; but his friend Dolan answered this by promising that he would give his bond to support him for the remainder of his life, and the Executive clemency was granted. Surely this is an example of devoted and continuous friendship not often found in the books—an achievement which compels the warmest admiration from all classes of the community, while it evoked the wildest cheers and demonstrations from the unfortunate convicts of Sing Sing, and the congratulations of the keepers, who also styled Gorman a model convict for over a generation.

This case may well direct the public opinion to the necessity for some checks upon the capricious manner in which the pardoning power is used in every State of the Union, and at Washington as well. If a man be wrongly detained, by receiving a sentence exceeding the demands of either law or justice, then a competent and careful commission should sift the facts, and not leave the fate of a prisoner in the hands of an official who has not the time to give the case proper investigation.

THE WHITECHAPL MURDERS.

NO solution of the mystery attending the commission of a series of murders in the heart of London has as yet been found. The impression is almost universal that the failure to arrest the culprits, and consequent failure of justice, is the fault of the London police. This force has not kept pace with the growth of the great city, and is now generally conceded to be inadequate. Sir Charles Warren, the ornamental head of the force, is a visionary theorist, as is shown by his fanciful scheme to introduce bloodhounds into the detective force. Savage dogs may be more intelligent than the average London policeman, but can hardly be trusted to make nice discriminations as to the guilt or innocence of the victims upon whom they might fasten their teeth. Nor could they testify in a court of justice. And they are liable to lose the scent and get off the track, as was the case when they were experimentally following Sir Charles Warren in a public park. If dogs only can solve the Whitechapel mystery, it will probably remain unsolved. The keenest detectives are needed to trace the clues and facts back from the known to the unknown. Each theory must be tested in the light of all these recent murders, and in the light of all like crimes. The theory that a dozen assassinations are all the work of one lunatic does not seem plausible. Presumably lunatics with homicidal mania are not running at large in London to any great extent. If there are any such, or any thought to be so unbalanced, they would all be under suspicion and would be so watched as to prevent the secrecy and concealments made necessary by so many monstrous crimes. Nor is the theory that it is the work of a woman, or of women, worthy of consideration.

But that the assassin or assassins are dressed and disguised in women's clothes is probably true. Such a disguise would greatly aid in the commission of these crimes, and would facilitate escape. As to the motive, it may be recalled that a hitherto respectable man shot dead a woman of ill-repute in a public restaurant in the heart of New York under a sense of fancied wrong. It therefore might happen that an ill-balanced person, frenzied by the wrong he believes he has suffered through a degraded class of women, should attempt to wreak vengeance upon the class, hoping thereby to strike down the one who had wronged him most. This theory is plausible because known facts support it.

It is possible, also, that a small gang of criminals, gamblers, or even medical students, have become so debased and degraded as to descend to murder as a means of accomplishing the unheard-of mutilation to which all the Whitechapel victims have been subjected. Such incredibly morbid wretches may live, and yet escape both the gallows and the asylums.

AN AMERICAN COUNTESS.

IT is not a little curious how readily the newspapers unite in ascribing certain attributes to public personages for which not the slightest foundation of fact can be cited. This happens to be the case regarding the Countess von Waldsee, the estimable wife of the new Chief of the German Military Staff, and the successor of Count von Moltke. The countess was originally a Miss Mary Lea, the daughter of a wealthy wholesale grocer of New York, who, on dying, left his family a fortune. When one of the daughters married a German baron, the Ambassador of the King of Württemberg in Paris, she sent for her sister Mary to live with her. Under the roof of the Baronne Waechter the latter met the Prince of Schleswig-Holstein, who had been driven into exile by the victorious Prussian-Austrian army in 1864. The prince called, saw, and was conquered by the attractive American. Before Miss Mary would wed, however, she insisted that the prince should resign his title, as she had no fancy for being bound by the stiff etiquette of German Court circles. He complied with her wish, and was made a count by the Emperor of Austria. He was not destined, however, to long enjoy either his new rank or the society of his American bride, as he died a few months after marriage, while traveling in Egypt. The countess then returned to her sister's home in Paris, and remained there until she married Count von Waldsee. The latter was stationed for a time in Hanover, and it was there that the countess acquired the reputation of a Lady Bountiful, and on her husband's departure from the city was followed to the station by crowds of weeping women and children, whose homes she had brightened by her charity. At Berlin she has filled the same rôle. Thus, we are assured on good authority, is the real Countess von Waldsee, whom any American may be proud to call his countrywoman.

But when we turn to the newspapers, we are introduced to an altogether different character. The journalistic countess, according to the correspondents, is a court "intrigante" who has a "salon," where politics are discussed and reputations are made and unmade. The fact that the countess is related to the present Empress

through her first marriage is proof positive to the correspondents that she exercises an undue influence over the imperial pair. The truth is that Countess von Waldsee is far more interested in her charities than in the undercurrents of German politics, and while in a position to exercise a powerful influence on the drift of affairs, all her tastes and impulses keep her as far removed as possible from playing the part that irresponsible scribblers seem to be so ready to assign her.

OPENING OF THE THEATRICAL SEASON.

THE dramatic announcements for the opening season furnish suggestive evidence, not merely of the magnitude of the metropolis and its consequence as a centre of resort, but also of the growth of the craving for amusement among our people, and of their ability to gratify their tastes. It is true that the lighter forms of dramatic entertainments appeal to the greatest numbers, and thrive where Shakespeare fails, and so we find the public taste appealed to by a multitude of broad farces, eccentric comedies and extravaganzas of various kinds not to be classified among dramatic literature. The clowns and harlequins of the stage have their brief day, but they have nothing in common with those who have trained themselves to be true comedians, and it is an artist-comedian, trained in the best school in the world, who has just presented himself to our public in the person of Coquelin the elder.

The appearance of Coquelin and Jane Hading upon our stage, the first comedian of the Française, and the first actress of Paris with the exception of Bernhardt, is certainly to be counted an event of singular importance. M. Coquelin's thorough mastery of his art, his accomplished technique, his fund of native force and energy, and the mobility of his face mirroring the acuteness of his intelligence, are among the endowments which won for the French comedian a most cordial welcome and a pronounced success. As to the actor's exact rank, opinions differ, as they differ regarding the rank of Jane Hading, who has been called an artist, but not a great actor. Yet it is much to have had such abundant technical resources illustrated upon our stage.

Other stars of varying magnitude are soon to cross our heavens. Those sterling favorites, Booth and Barrett, are to return to the New York stage in November. At Palmer's Theatre, formerly Wallack's, Miss Mary Anderson is to reappear before an American audience, after a long time spent in winning laurels in a foreign land. After Miss Anderson will come the former society woman, Mrs. James Brown Potter, who will attempt to atone for her previous failure in the metropolis. It is a curious example of the vanity and inconsistency of the stage, that this self-sufficient amateur, who seems to depend largely upon her wardrobe, should appear upon our stage sandwiched between Anderson and Salvini. In November Mr. Palmer will open his theatre with his own stock company, a welcome addition to the small number left us by the combination system.

The opening night at Daly's is always an event of consequence, and it was a brilliant audience which welcomed the return of this favorite company from foreign triumphs. The play, "The Lottery of Love," was cordially received. Later in the season the main piece each evening will be preceded by a short comedy. There will be a presentation of Shakespearean comedy, and some of the old comedies of the Restoration will be enacted in the course of the year. At the Lyceum Theatre, which has gained a reputation for entertainment of finished form and excellent quality, "Lord Chumley" continues to prosper; and "A Legal Wreck" proves a misnomer so far as the Madison Square Theatre is concerned.

The strike of the Chicago carmen has brought into prominence one man who richly deserves to be made an "awful example." This is the Alderman, sworn to obey laws and intrusted by the people with law-making powers, who attempted to stop and derail a car, threatened the policemen, and endeavored to incite the strikers to use force. Our bribe-taking Aldermen are bad enough; but an Alderman who appears as a public rioter is perhaps worse. It is a pity that a "combine" was not effected between a policeman's club and the Alderman's senseless head.

ONLY a few days ago the average American citizen read of the launching of the new steel cruiser *Baltimore*, and congratulated himself that the American Navy at last had one first-class ship. But his congratulations have been changed to lamentation. The *Baltimore* has come to grief as ignominiously as the notorious *Talapoosa*. A canalboat loaded with coal has bumped against the *Baltimore's* sternpost, and the new cruiser has been damaged—how seriously is not yet known. It is early to begin the familiar tale of repairs, but apparently coalboats are as potent against our Navy as was the jawbone of an ass in the hands of Samson against the Philistines.

It is to be hoped that the example set by the Indiana Fair-election League and by the National Republican Committee, in offering large rewards for the detection of violators of the election laws, will be followed in other States, and by the State and local committees of all parties. Illegal voting has become entirely too common in all our large centres of population, and since public officials cannot in every case be relied upon to detect and punish the offenders, right-thinking citizens must themselves take the matter in hand and at every cost preserve the purity of elections. The Indiana league is non-partisan in character, and one of its purposes is to have local committees in each election precinct ascertain who are the legal voters during the thirty days preceding the election, and then see that no others are permitted to vote. If this plan could be adopted in every State, as it should be, a reasonably honest election might be secured everywhere.

THERE is a decided case of curds and whey in the dominions of the Sick Man of Europe. The Military Council at Constantinople, aware that their ruler will, in the not distant future, be compelled to show fight, and fight valiantly, for his existence, has been considering how best to carry out the new law of conscription, by the provisions of which every Mussulman in the empire is subject to military service. Notwithstanding the strictness of the statute, however, there are two million Kurds who inhabit Turkish territory, not one of whom ever performs military duty. As soon as the recruiting officer appears among them, the Kurdish contingent suddenly discover that there is something in the atmosphere not altogether wholesome, and incontinently retire beyond the Persian frontier with their flocks and herds. There they remain until the recruiting sergeants wind their way back in disgust to the Bosphorus. How to make these nomads submit to military discipline is probably the most difficult conundrum that the Council will be called upon to solve.

MAYOR HEWITT has accepted the nominations tendered him by the County Democracy and by the citizens, and announced that he

will make the fight for re-election on his record. "My record is made," he says, "and I don't propose to offer excuses for it." He strongly denounces Tammany Hall as a secret political society in which two or three men control absolutely the disposition of the offices of the city, and he insists that "the time has come when this great world of a political trust should be broken up." He declares that in the event of his re-election he will appoint the best men to the places in his gift, without regard to their political relationships; and he would no doubt endeavor to carry out this pledge, though his estimate of men might in some cases differ from that of the public. Mayor Hewitt has, of course, made some mistakes during his administration, but nobody doubts his integrity of purpose, or his real devotion to the public interests.

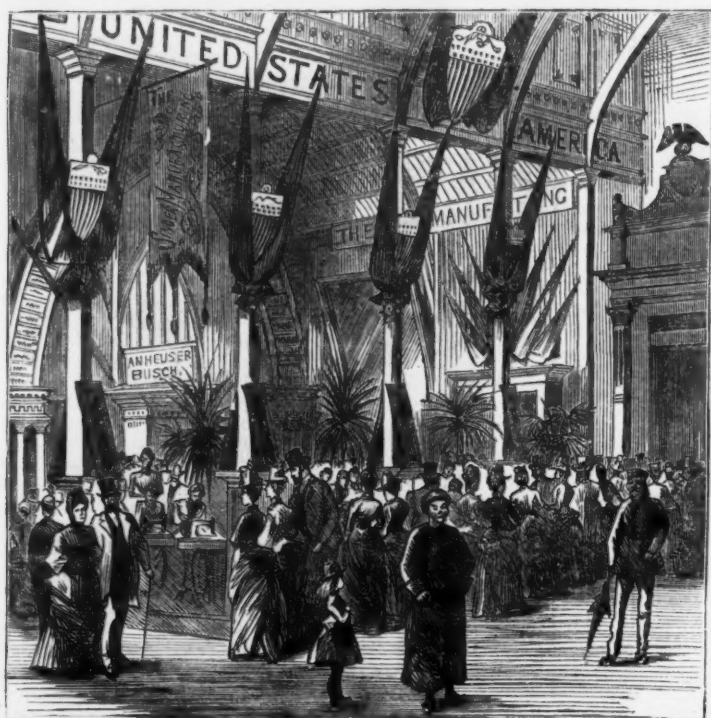
THERE can hardly be a doubt that the success of the Democracy in 1884 was due to the belief of the independent voters in this and other States that Mr. Cleveland would faithfully carry out the pledges he made to enforce the Civil-service Act, and make capacity and integrity the supreme test in all appointments to office. These pledges were positive and emphatic. They were without qualification of any sort. How have they been kept? One or two illustrations will afford a sufficient answer to this question. Mr. Cleveland has been in office three years and a half, and out of 56,130 postmasters who were in office when he entered upon his duties, 42,942 have been removed for partisan reasons. Take another branch of the public service. There is not a custom-house collector or a customs surveyor who was on duty when Mr. Cleveland took his seat who is in office to-day, and out of all the collectors of internal revenue in the country when he assumed the duties of President, but one remains. Now, these wholesale removals have not occurred by accident. They are the result of a deliberate partisan policy—a policy which subordinates the public interests to partisan ends. It goes without saying that no man who honestly desires to hasten the divorce of our public service from politics, and stamp out the odious spoils system, can vote to continue an Administration which, in violation of solemn pledges, has enormously increased the difficulty of achieving that result.

THE fact that Rabbi Schindler has begun a course of Sunday-morning lectures to Jews in Boston very possibly indicates certain concessions on the part of the strictest of religious sects. No race has held together so closely as the Hebrew, and Jewish adherence to the religion has become almost proverbial. That there will be an abandonment of the tenacity of purpose which has characterized the race for so many centuries is not to be expected, but certain concessions seem altogether probable. In New York we have recently seen an attempt to abandon the old custom of separating men and women in the synagogue. The lectures of Rabbi Schindler in Boston are, in a sense, a tacit recognition of the Christian Sabbath. That is, these lectures are an admission that, since Sunday cannot be a day of business, it may well be put to some other use than that of mere amusement. As the case stands, the Jew is called upon to surrender two days out of the seven. If he is strictly orthodox, his place of business must be closed on Sunday and he must be in the synagogue. This is much to ask; and it must be inferred that the observance of Saturday with many of the race is much in the nature of a compromise. On Sunday all business is suspended, and the Jew is therefore left in idleness. All the conditions point to the expediency of an adoption of the Christian Sabbath as a day of worship. Whether expediency will prevail with this most conservative race remains to be seen; but the innovation of Sunday-morning lectures is not without significance.

REASONS frequently present themselves for regretting the absence of Government support of the arts in this country, even though we may be agreed that such paternal interference is not within the functions of republican government. It would be pleasant to see the possibilities of American dramatic talent developed by means of a national theatre, or our painters and sculptors encouraged by national schools, prizes and commissions, and the purchase of their works for a national gallery. Attractive as this may seem, this is not included in our plan of government, and its practical wisdom does not bear scrutiny. Yet the fact must be recognized that certain forms of art are not self-supporting, and require generous aid. It is impossible for grand opera to maintain itself, and in Europe the Government comes to its aid. In this city the burden falls upon private citizens, some of whom kept Italian opera alive at the Academy for many years, while others are sustaining German opera, which, with all its popularity, fails to pay expenses. The question has now arisen whether the Thomas concerts shall be abandoned, and it is upon private citizens that the responsibility for such an abandonment must rest. Mr. Theodore Thomas has labored untiringly in the cause of good music for many years, and his services are familiar to every one with any interest in music. His admirable concerts have been given, as it is stated, at a pecuniary loss to himself, and he finds himself no longer able to bear the burden of maintaining his orchestra. It cannot be that the people of this wealthy city, who eagerly spend fortunes upon foreign singers and actors, will begrudge the support of an American musician in the work of maintaining the best American orchestra which this country has seen.

THE Supreme Court of the State of New York has granted permission to Attorney-general Tabor to forthwith bring an action against the Havemeyer & Elder Sugar Refining Company to annul its charter. This company, with thirteen others, is a member of the Sugar Trust. The chief affidavits upon which the application was based states that in the month of August, 1887, the Sugar Trust was formed for the purpose of arbitrarily controlling the manufacture and sale of sugar, increasing its price and controlling the management of all refineries. In October last the Trust deed was executed, and by means of the combination the trustees were enabled to prevent competition—having closed several refineries and thrown many employes out of work—and to increase the price of sugar. It is stated that the Havemeyer & Elder Company has participated in these acts, and that the combination is oppressive, a monopoly and a criminal conspiracy under the laws of the State of New York. By becoming a party to this conspiracy the Havemeyer & Elder Company has violated the law, transcended its charter powers, forfeited its charter, and becomes liable to dissolution. The purpose of the suit, therefore, is to end its corporate existence on the ground that it has offended against the creating Act and exercised unlawful privileges. The answer of the sugar monopolists, as made in a *Tribune* interview by Mr. Theodore Havemeyer, is a denial of any intent to "conspire against the people," and a long explanation to the effect that the closing of refineries has been due to natural and local causes, and not to the action of the Trust. Yet the "coincidence" has been too striking to escape comment, and the "people" have not failed to notice that the price of sugar has been advanced since the Trust was formed. The progress of this test of strength between the law and the Sugar Trust will be closely watched.

Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 155.



AUSTRALIA.—UNITED STATES COURT, AT THE MELBOURNE EXPOSITION.



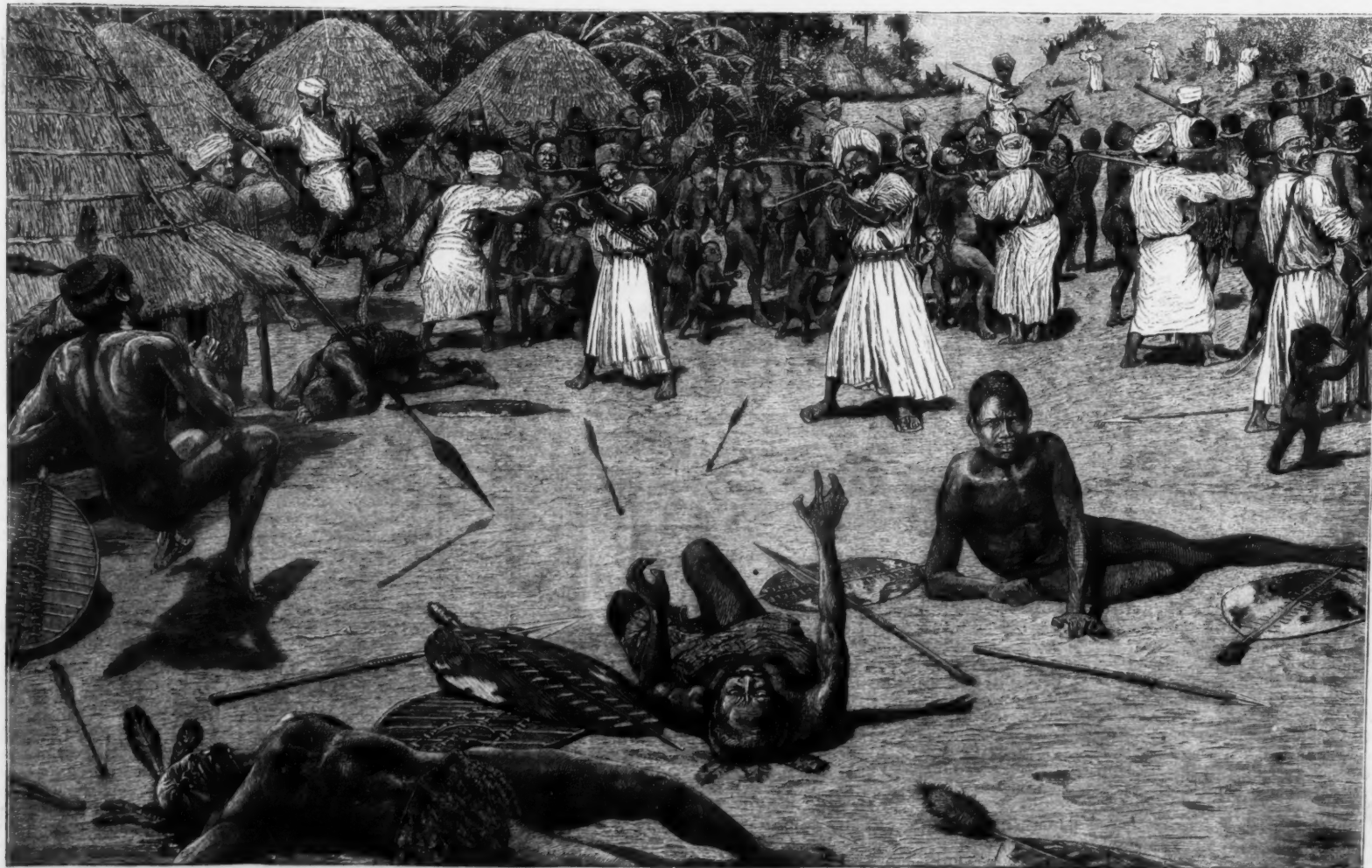
AUSTRIA.—THE PRINCE OF WALES DRINKING WINE WITH THE EMPEROR, NEAR BELLOVAR.



ITALY.—THE RECENT FLOODS AT COMO—SCENE IN THE CATHEDRAL SQUARE.



RUSSIA.—MONUMENT AT NOVOTCHERKASK, COMMEMORATING THE NINTH CENTENARY OF CHRISTIANITY.



CENTRAL AFRICA.—A SLAVE-RAID IN A NATIVE VILLAGE.

THE NEW PERSIAN AMBASSADOR.

ALTHOUGH diplomatic relations have been maintained between the Government of the United States and the Shah of Persia for several years, the Persian Government has delayed sending an envoy until the present year. It now sends as its first envoy a native Persian prince, in every way worthy to represent Persia at our capital, in the person of His Excellency Hadji Hussein Gouly Khan. His Excellency was born in the City of Teheran, in the year 1848, and is just forty years of age. He is the son of the late Prime Minister of Persia, and received his education in the capital of the Empire. At an early age he entered the Government service. Some few years afterward he was appointed President of the Court of Justice, and sent to Isfahan, one of the largest cities of the Empire, where his administration gave great satisfaction. From the Presidency of the Court of Justice he was promoted to the Ministry of Finance. But his interest in foreign politics and in diplomacy caused him to tire of finance, and to enter the Ministry



HIS EXCELLENCY HADJI HUSSEIN GOULY KHAN, FIRST ENVOY FROM PERSIA TO THE UNITED STATES.

PHOTO. BY MERRITT & VAN WAGNER.

for Foreign Affairs. Under civil-service forms he quickly rose to the post of Second Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

The Persian Government having a large number of Mohammedan and Zoroastrian subjects residing and doing business in India, it became necessary to send an intelligent, well-informed and capable diplomatic agent there. For this important trust Hadji Hussein Gouly Khan was selected, and appointed Consul-general to India in 1885. During the three years of his official residence in Bombay he won popular favor with all classes of people among its varied population. The Indian Government was especially pleased and satisfied with him, rendering him many good services, and through him to the old and famous Persian Government. In the meantime the Shah and his Ministers decided to establish a Legation at the capital of what he designated as "the youngest

and most progressive nation." And to this important post Hadji Hussein Gouly Khan was promoted, as above stated.

The new Minister, though born in one of the most aristocratic nations of the world, is simple and democratic in his manners, and will no doubt become popular in diplomatic circles. He is a little below the medium height, has a light-olive complexion, an intelligent face, and a bland and pleasing expression. He is fluent in French, and is now studying English.

THE NEW CHIEF-JUSTICE.

THE installation of Melville W. Fuller as Chief-justice of the United States, on Monday, the 8th instant, was an event of extraordinary interest. The Supreme Court Chamber is so small that only a limited number of persons could witness the ceremony, but nevertheless the corridors were thronged at an early hour by persons anxious to obtain admission. Zealous doorkeepers guarded the entrances, and admitted only well-known persons, members of Congress, newspaper men and members of the local Bar. Among the distinguished spectators were the Japanese Minister and his wife (of whom we give a portrait), and many high Government officials. Justice Miller opened the Court, and without rising he remarked to the audience that the President had appointed Melville Weston Fuller Chief-justice, and that he would now take the oath of office. Mr. Fuller at this time was seated in the Clerk's inclosure at the right of the Justice. The Clerk read the President's commission appointing Mr. Fuller. Then he handed a single sheet of blue legal-cap paper to Mr. Fuller, and the latter rose and swore in himself by reading the oath of office which was written thereon, as follows: "I, Melville Weston Fuller, do solemnly swear that I will administer justice without respect to person, and do equal right to the poor and to the rich, and that I will faithfully and impartially discharge and perform all the duties incumbent on me as Chief-justice of the United States according to the best of my ability and understanding, agreeably to the Constitution and laws of the United States, so help me God."

When the Chief-justice had finished taking the oath, he passed around to his official chair, the Associate-justices arose and exchanged bows, and the new Chief-justice began the business of the Court. This was the reception of applications from lawyers to practice before the Supreme Court. After the Court had adjourned the Justices proceeded to the White House to pay their respects to Mr. Cleveland.

THE CAMPAIGN CANALBOAT "THOMAS JEFFERSON."

THE New York State League of Democratic Clubs has successfully developed an original, effective and picturesque idea, in fitting up the gallant canalboat *Thomas Jefferson*, loading it with choice Democratic literature, and starting it off, in charge of a competent crew, on a grand campaign trip through the Erie Canal from Buffalo to Albany. The novel cruise began at Buffalo, with an immense flourish, on Monday evening of last week, all the local Democratic organizations turning out, with music and fireworks, to see the expedition off. United States District Attorney Daniel N. Lockwood, the Hon. John Boyd Thacher, of Albany, Congressman Breckinridge, of Arkansas, and others, made speeches, and the tug *David B. Hill* towed off the Democratic ark amidst rousing cheers. The first stop was made, next day, at Tonawanda, where Lumberman Fassett presided at a political meeting. The routine of work on board the *Jefferson* was promptly organized, proceeding steadily en route in the preparation of tariff facts for each town as it is approached. As soon as one town has been passed documents are assorted and made ready for distribution. One of the features of the trip is the challenge to debate the tariff question, on four hours' notice, with Republicans, anywhere on the route. Democratic flags are given out to passing canalboats, and



WASHINGTON, D. C.—HON. MELVILLE W. FULLER, THE NEW CHIEF-JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

PHOTO. BY BELL.

to small stores and shops along the line. Documents are scattered broadcast, and eagerly gathered in by the population along the canal. Wendellville's entire population of fifty turned out as the



WASHINGTON, D. C.—MME. MUTSEE, WIFE OF THE JAPANESE MINISTER.

band from the boat announced its coming. The district school took a recess, and everybody gathered on the bridge alongside which the boat lay.

The town of Pendleton also gave the *Thomas Jefferson* a cordial reception. Lockport welcomed the missionary bark on Wednesday evening, and Syracuse will be reached some time towards the end of this week. As a means of disseminating party doctrine in places hitherto not over well supplied with campaign literature, the *Thomas Jefferson* is certainly a success; and it is possible that before the boat reaches Albany a rival craft may be met with, proceeding in the opposite direction, freighted with a cargo of pamphlets and ideas of equally opposite political tendency.

WAR RELICS.

WE give on this page an illustration of interesting war relics now on exhibition at the Ohio Centennial at Cincinnati. These relics consist of oak and pine logs with cannon-balls and other missiles of war imbedded in the same, with the second growth of nature over the balls. They are from Chickamauga, Kenesawo, Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge battlefields, and are owned and contributed by Mr. J. Murray Webb, of Alliance, O.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM H. GRATWICK, of the Young Men's Christian Association of Buffalo, N. Y., recently wrote to the Republican and Democratic Presidential candidates, asking them for an indorsement of the work in which his association is engaged. Both replied promptly. President Cleveland said: "We are a busy nation. The impetus, rush and enterprise of our people to a casual observer would seem to yield no place to the consideration and fostering of the influences which radiate from these institutions; but to those who know how well our daily life is grounded upon Christian principles it is a matter of no surprise that Young Men's Christian Associations



OHIO.—CURIOUS WAR RELICS ON EXHIBITION AT THE OHIO CENTENNIAL, CINCINNATI.

challenge our attention and care. It seems to me that nothing is more essential to our continued welfare and prosperity as a people than the preservation of our faith in the usefulness of such organizations."

General Harrison replied as follows: "If there were any occasion for an expression upon the subject it would be cheerfully and heartily given, but to make an occasion does not seem to me to be appropriate. The organization is too well known to need any such support or advertisement. Such a letter would appear to be rather in aid of myself than of the organization, and I have too much respect for it to seem to use it in that way."

DEFRAUDED.

O DAYS that grow so chill and white
Beneath the gray November's pall,
I watch you with a sickening sense
Of something gone beyond recall.
The hours drag by—funereal train!—
With mournful step and drooping wings,
And to the russet garb they wear
A dull, cold sense of heartache clings.

Was it but yesterday the sun
Rode up the sky with joyous pace,
And touched with flame the banners gay
The woodland flaunted in its face?
The hillside flamed and flared with light,
And all the world wore Tyrian dyes,
While golden gleamed the ripened fields,
And blue as sapphire shone the skies.

The lark sang on the morning air,
The quail piped from the garden-wall,
And from the wold the whip-poor-will
Poured forth his plaintive, lonesome call.
All through the lonely nocturnal hours
The insect world, with wild unrest,
Shrilled loud their varied orchestras,
A medley grand, from Nature's breast.

Now all is changed. Through russet wood
The low winds sweep with mournful sigh;
The noisy insect world is stilled;
The late birds always southward fly.
The stubble where the partridge piped
Is gray as gown of cloistered nun,
And all the life and light seem fled
From out the earth and air and sun.

O fading day! O sinking sun!
O sky so clouded, cold and drear!
What though the granaries o'erflow
With bounties from the dying year!
What matter all his princely gifts
To others brought—his goodly store—
Since he has robbed me of my all,
And left me poor—O God, so poor!

NELLIE WATTS McVEY.

RUN TO EARTH.

BY BRANDT KNOX.

THE low, narrow log schoolroom at the Benton Cross Roads became suddenly quiet. Not the leaf of a book rustled, not a whisper broke the unusual stillness—nothing but the dismal sighing of the wind outside, and the steady patter of rain on the unshingled roof. This unusual calm, however, was of that kind which precedes, and, indeed, prophesies, a coming storm; for full thirty pairs of eager, restless eyes were fastened upon me in anticipation of pending trouble. I was a young man then, but little over twenty, a total stranger to that community, and enjoying my first experience as teacher; so it was but natural that I should shift somewhat uneasily in my chair, uncertain what had best be done. My eyes rested in perplexity upon a scholar seated nearly in the centre of the room—a young woman with flushed cheeks and brown eyes, eyes which at the moment were fairly blazing in angry excitement.

"Miss Elmore," I said, finally, in a tone meant to be very dignified and calm, "you will please bring that note to my desk."

The girl thus directly mentioned rose from her seat and walked defiantly forward, holding in one small hand a slip of paper. Standing before my great desk, she deliberately tore the note into a dozen pieces and flung them before me without a word, her great brown eyes flashing angrily into my troubled ones as she took a step backward and stood still.

"Now you will tell me who wrote that note," she looked straight up at me.

"I will not," was the firm answer.

For one instant our eyes looked into each other—in mine, calm determination; in hers, angry defiance.

"You will tell me, Miss Elmore, or be punished before the whole school."

The hot blood leaped to her clear cheeks in a sudden flood, her hands clasped together, the dark eyes sank to the floor.

"I cannot tell—indeed, I cannot," she said, slowly, a quiver in the clear voice; and then, as I pushed back my chair and rose to my feet, the girl looked up again. "You shall not strike me!" she cried out, and before I could speak, or a hand could be raised to prevent, she sprang through the open door, out on the country road, and was beyond recall.

It required but a few moments to get the little district school settled down once more into its accustomed hum and work, and then glancing out of the wet window upon the dreary landscape, I felt a thrill of regret steal over me as I watched silently a slight, bending figure climbing up the long hill in the rain. Not once even did the girl deign to glance back, and I stood there watching her until she entered the little crazy house upon the summit.

A strange girl was Barbara Elmore, even from a child, and made more so by everything about her. Brought up among the roughest of surroundings, by a harsh old man claiming to be her uncle, she had never known the tender care of a mother, but had been compelled to run wild from earliest infancy. Willful and passionate by nature, burdened by no home restraints, she had grown almost to womanhood without friends and almost without

companions. Strange and wild stories were rife in that rough neighborhood regarding old John Wolf. He was feared by his neighbors both from his lawless deeds and terrible temper—so much so, indeed, that for years past his little cottage was carefully avoided by every one. And thus, with this ruffian and outcast for her guardian, had Barbara lived alone, the drudge and slave of the place.

Some of these shifting, uncertain stories had already reached my ears, and that afternoon a warm feeling of sympathy rose within me as I turned slowly away from the window. I had been guilty of speaking harshly to one whose whole life had proven a burden hard to bear, who could scarcely from her own experience even know what sunshine meant. I was kinder and more sympathetic for that thought, I believe, during the remainder of the day, and in some degree, perhaps, was haunted by Barbara's great brown eyes and ruffled hair.

"She is indeed a strange girl," I thought again to myself, after the school had been dismissed and the last straggler had gone. "She is totally different from all the others—worse, perhaps, in many ways, yet in some certainly better. I must help her if I can; there is a promise of real womanhood there, if it can only be rightly guided;" and with this final determination within me, I drew my heavy coat closer around my shoulders and started up the road.

The Wolf shanty—for it was little else—looked dilapidated and dismal enough as I turned in through the broken gate, hanging by one rusty hinge, and rapped softly at the front door, almost hidden myself in the high weeds. After a moment's delay and the rusty creaking of a lock, it was flung open, and Barbara stood before me. Then, for the first time, as she stood there framed against the shadows behind her, it flashed upon me that this girl was really handsome, with her dark eyes and flushed cheeks. But she gave me no chance for words.

"My uncle is not at home," she said, curtly.

"I am glad of it," was my quick reply; "I do not wish your uncle. I called to see you."

"To see me?" doubtfully.

"Yes, to see you, and you only. Now, may I come in?" and I could not wholly repress a smile at her evident wonder.

Mechanically, as if scarcely knowing what to do, the girl stepped a little to one side, and taking advantage of the movement, I entered the miserably furnished room. She followed after me, and closing the door, stood there as if expecting me to administer a rebuke. None coming, Barbara glanced up from her old faded dress into my troubled face.

"If you want to scold me, you had better begin," she said, half angrily.

Perhaps her hasty words, so full of bitterness as they were, gave me courage—they certainly reached my heart, for I took a step forward, and I know my eyes were filled with tenderness.

"My girl, have you never had kind words?" I asked.

At the sound of my voice she started in surprise. "Yes, once; but it was so long ago that I have almost forgotten them. Now, what do you want of me?"

"I came here to-night," I said, quickly and earnestly, "to ask your forgiveness."

There was no answer. The girl was looking down at the floor now, her cheeks aflame.

"I was very hasty this afternoon. I was wrong in threatening to punish you as I did, before them all, and it has troubled me ever since. I wish you to come back to the school to-morrow."

The dark eyes flashed up into my face for an instant, as if to read my very thoughts.

"Come back—do you truly mean that for me?" she questioned, breathlessly.

"Yes, for you, Miss Barbara—is it so wonderful a thing to ask?"

She made no sign, and I went on, with a little feeling of nervousness.

"I want you back among the others, and I want you to look upon me, not as the master, but as a friend, anxious to help you—will you promise to come?"

I would have given much just then to know if there were tears in her beautiful eyes; but it was fast growing dark, and her voice certainly sounded clear and firm.

"I hardly know, sir, whether you are laughing at me or not," she said, standing erect before me in the gloom; "but I will trust you and come."

On the weed-overgrown doorstep, in the silence of a moment later, I held out my hand with a last kind word. I felt both of her own close upon it.

"I was not made to be good," she said, simply, "but I do truly want to learn something;" and the door closed between us, and bowing before the rain, I made my way out into the road.

Down the long, bleak hill, ankle-deep in mud and water, I trudged to my scarcely less bleak boarding-house, little minding the elements, my thoughts busy with brown eyes and good resolutions.

"Poor girl," I remember muttering, as I flung aside my wet garments, "she indeed has but few kind words spoken to her; and yet how very pretty she is!—I wonder how it will all turn out?"

Perhaps I should have doubted less could I have seen her then—as I know about it now—lying in her miserable room, alone in the darkness, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

Barbara was there the next day, in her accustomed seat, her hair smoothed down and a little strip of ribbon tied about her white throat—more silent and studious than ever before. I watched her closely, but she gave no sign of what was in her mind, except as she worked the harder.

And so the days passed away, and the term of school was drawing to its close, while Barbara's bright, beautiful face continued to haunt me more and more. Whether it was right or not, I will not pretend to say, but I can confess now that I gave much of my time to her, and it was not a few

nights only that we walked up the long hill together. We grew to lingering at the broken gate, but she never asked me to come in, though I had long ago learned that old John Wolf was seldom about the house during the day. It was a pleasure to me to watch her mind develop under my care, to note its firm grasp of new thoughts and aspirations, and its inclination towards higher and purer literature. I loaned her books, and we discussed them together, and thus her dreary girlhood most rapidly developed into noble womanhood under a little sympathy and care. We talked of the great world together, and sometimes of her own sad home—of Wolf's cruelty and his secret life, of which she knew scarcely more than his neighbors, but which was growing to be full of a strange interest to me.

I did not love the girl; at least so I remember reasoning within myself when wondering—as I often did—what kind of a wife such a one might make; but nevertheless I kept being drawn closer and closer to her by every word and act, and by every glimpse I got into her mind and heart. She grew more tender and thoughtful in those days; the old angry, defiant light came more seldom into her brown eyes; but her home life was terrible, and I grew to studying more and more upon the problem, how can I leave her alone to war with such surroundings?

Thus the months rolled along, until the children noticed much that was going on, with youthful shrewdness. Perhaps my landlady noticed it also, for she observed to a neighbor in strict confidence "that it did beat all how that young man staid out nights." Possibly she was right, but it was not upon Barbara I was calling, although in those long night vigils I often haunted the neighborhood of the Wolf shanty, when all its inmates should have been in bed. The secret of it lay in a little slip cut from the columns of our nearest newspaper, which read, "Reports from Washington speak of a very dangerous counterfeit ten-dollar bill being in circulation. It is believed to originate somewhere in the Bald Mountain district, and the notorious Jack Talcott is believed to be connected with the gang, but the officers have thus far been unable to locate them or get on the track of Talcott." Someway, by what line of argument I need not stop to show, I had become convinced of Wolf's connection with this gang, and from it I saw a faint hope for Barbara's freedom. I watched an opportunity to unmask the man for the sake of saving the girl.

One night in the early Spring, a dark, gloomy night, I had been down to Edgewood, the nearest railway station, and was on my way home. I was driving a blooded and spirited colt, the property of my landlady, and, in spite of bad roads and cloudy sky, was making rapid time. Over the covered bridge and up the long hill I drove, the horse in a hurry for his comfortable quarters in the stable at home, and his driver humming to himself the words of an old Scotch love-song. As we mounted the hill on a trot I noticed a bright light gleaming from an upper window of the Wolf shanty, and rubbed my eyes clearer in order to look at it, muttering, earnestly:

"Hullo! Can they be at it, at last, to-night?"

Scarcely had I spoken the words when, with a sudden snort of fear, the colt I was driving sprang to one side and started on a run. With the use of all my strength I succeeded in holding the excited animal dancing in the air, and peered anxiously forward to learn the cause of his fright.

"Whoa, Tiger! Stand still, sir!" I spoke to the restless animal; then called out, "What is there?"

Out of the tall weeds close beside the road, as if in answer to me, a figure moved quickly—a figure ghostly in the darkness, and scarcely more than a glimmer of something white. The colt saw it at the same moment and became unmanageable from fright, jumping, plunging, rearing and shying in spite of every effort I could make to hold him in check. Finally, with a spring of terror, he whirled in the shafts, and cramping the wheels, hurled me headlong over them into the road.

For a moment I was stunned by the shock of the heavy fall, and lay there without movement, as the colt and wagon dashed away; then, as if in a dream, I felt some one kneel in the dirt by my side, and a soft hand touched my face.

"Thank God, he is not dead!" A low voice spoke the words, and I knew its sound.

"Barbara!" I cried, looking up into her clear face as she bent over me, a white mantle twined about her head and shoulders. She started back at my voice.

"Merciful Heaven, was it you?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, I am so sorry!—and it was all my fault." Someway, I hardly know how, I became possessed of one of her little hands, and held it tightly.

"Why are you sorry to see me so?" I asked, looking up eagerly into the bowed and troubled face.

"Because—why, because it was all my fault."

"And is that the only reason?"

She was silent, sitting there with her eyes turned away from mine.

"Won't you tell me, Barbara?" I persisted, warmly.

"Because," and she spoke the words almost in a whisper—"because you are my friend—my only friend."

I could be silent no longer. The truth of my own heart burst over me in a moment. Her downcast eyes, her evident embarrassment, her trembling words, spoke more eloquently than her lips would dare. I lifted myself up beside her, and whispered, earnestly: "Barbara, my darling, I am not sorry, for it has opened my heart, and I know I love you."

She started hastily to her feet, and drew her hand from my clasp.

"No! Oh, no, you must not—you shall not say it!" she cried out, imploringly. She would have added more, but I stopped her.

"Listen first to me!" I cried, eagerly. "I love

you truly—I have been learning that lesson for a year—and would make you my wife; would take you away from the past and give you a brighter future. I know what you would say—that you are poor, young, uneducated and parentless—that I know but little of you or your history. True, but you know still less of mine. It is enough that I love you. The rest, time can remedy. Barbara, will you be my wife?—not now, but sometime in the future?" and I gained possession of her hand again.

She did not answer, but I could feel her tremble at my touch, and in the silence I drew her yet closer, whispering tenderly:

"Can you not love me a little?"

Her answer was spoken very low, but I heard the words, "Oh, Fred, I do!" and clasped her closer in my arms, kissing away the tears in her dark eyes, lost for the moment to everything save my love.

It was an hour later, perhaps, when we walked up the dark road together—lonely no longer as we talked of the future—walked slowly on, up towards the little house, with the light still streaming from that one upper window.

I noticed it again, and asked:

"Whatever brought you out alone on such a night as this?"

"Nothing very serious," was the lightly spoken answer. "Only Uncle John had a visitor"—I bent lower to catch the words—"and didn't want me around. It was early for retiring, so I came out for a walk, as I often do, not expecting, of course, to meet with any one in this lonely road."

"In which you were happily disappointed."

"Yes; it will never seem lonely any more."

I glanced up once more at the light, now drawing very close.

"Who—who is the visitor?" I questioned, endeavoring not to exhibit any special interest.

"They call him 'Mr. Talcott,'" she replied.

In spite of myself I gave a sudden start at the sound of that name, and noticing it, the girl glanced quickly up into my face.

"Do you know him?" she questioned.

I hesitated an instant, debating in my own mind what was best to say—how far I should trust her.

"I believe I have heard the name somewhere," I replied, evasively; "it has, at least, a familiar sound;" and then spoke carelessly of something else.

At the doorstep we parted, for I knew better than to expect an invitation within, and so turned away. She stood there watching me until I had passed beyond the gate, then she entered the house and softly closed the door.

As I heard its latch catch, I turned and retraced my steps towards the house—not straight up to the front entrance this time, but around through the high weeds I carefully picked my way. The light I had noticed came from an uncurtained window in the second story, and I paused a moment to more thoroughly study the ground. A small porch, lined with lattice-work, stood before me, and I crept forward and examined it carefully.

"You'll do," I muttered, after a brief investigation of its strength. "Now, Mr. Jack Talcott, we'll try and see what you look like."

I took a moment to examine the revolver I had purchased that very day in Edgewood, and then carefully, inch by inch, first finding lodgment for hand and foot, I worked slowly upwards until I finally rested, lying at full length on top of the rather rickety old porch. The window was now just before me, but I was still a long time in dragging my body over the loose and creaking boards so as to look in. Then, carefully keeping beyond the narrow range of the light, I saw that which caused my eyes to blaze with triumph and excitement.

It was a small, low room, miserably furnished, and lit by one poor oil lamp, which cast a dim glare over the faces of two men seated opposite each other at a common deal table not overly clean. Between them reposed a black bottle and two glasses, together with a stack of United States bills, evidently fresh from the press.

The worthy who sat facing more directly towards the window had a high, partially bald head, narrow, sloping shoulders, and extremely long, nervous hands. His thin, foxy face was partially concealed by a heavy black beard. My heart beat faster, for I could not doubt I was looking upon the countenance of the notorious counterfeiter, Jack Talcott.

The other occupant of the room, red with drink and broad of shoulder, was old Wolf, the master of the house.

"Well, Wolf, there's the stuff," Talcott said, pointing to the pile of bills before him; "and you understand that you are to make the same per cent. as you did handling that last lot?"

The old drunkard nodded silently.

"How is the risk now, anyway?" the leader continued.

"Do you have much trouble in getting rid of the stuff?"

"No," Wolf growled, rather than spoke, as he refilled his empty glass; "that last batch was the best you ever made."

Talcott chuckled.

"Yes, I rather outdid myself that time, that's a fact. Say, old man," cautiously smelling of the liquor just poured out, "haven't you got anything better in the house to drink than this poison—it's enough to kill a dog, such stuff as that."

Wolf glanced at his companion and growled something under his breath, but at the same time rose sullenly to his feet, crossed the narrow room with slightly unsteady steps, and opening a door, passed into another apartment.

For a moment after being thus left alone Talcott sat silently contemplating the puffs of blue tobacco-smoke which were circling above his head, then he suddenly started and called out, suspiciously:

"Who are you talking with, out there?"

Wolf's thick voice answered back, gruffly: "It's nobody but my gal—don't be afraid." Talcott laughed.

"Your girl!" sneeringly. "Come now, that's a good joke, that is. You don't mean to say that you've got a girl, do you? Trot her out, old man, and let me have a look at her—maybe I'm looking for a wife—who knows?"

A little noise followed this speech, from the next room—the noise of voices, one pleading, the other brutal.

"She won't come," Wolf reported, finally.

"Oh, yes, she will, if you make her," the other returned, coarsely, elevating his feet on the table. "Come now, trot her out, I say."

The next moment Barbara, closely followed by Wolf, entered the room. The girl advanced a few steps with all the true dignity of a queen, her dark eyes blazing into Talcott's face and her cheeks red with indignation.

The man looked at her in astonishment, and then brought his fist down on the table with a blow that made the glasses jump.

"By thunder! old man, I admire your taste," he cried out, and rose to his feet. "Now you must give me a kiss, my dear."

If eyes could kill, the look in hers would have killed him then and there.

"You had better leave me alone," she said, quietly enough; but something in the low, clear words made the man stop and look at her.

"Got a temper of your own, have you?" he sneered. "Well, so have I, and I intend to kiss those red lips of yours, my lady."

He sprang forward as he spoke, to clasp his prize; but quick as a flash the girl struck him in the face, a cutting, stinging blow that blinded him for a moment. Then Wolf gripped her by the shoulder and swung her against the table.

"Treat my friends in that way, will ye?" he yelled, savagely, and lifted his great fist to strike her down. I could stand it no longer. With a crash I broke through the window and landed on the floor beside him. Out went my left arm, with all the power I could throw into it, and old Wolf went reeling back against the wall.

Talcott made one hasty step forward, crouching as if to spring, then turned white before the polished tube of my leveled revolver, and sank back into his chair again.

"Caught in a trap!" he gasped.

"Yes, caught fast enough!"—with one arm thrown about the trembling girl. "Now put up your hands, Talcott, my boy," and the counterfeiter made haste to obey. I turned a little. "Wolf," I said, calmly, "I see some pieces of rope over in that corner—take them and bind your friend's hands; and be lively about it, too, for I might get excited and hurt some one."

In another moment Talcott was secure, and then I performed the same service for Wolf.

"Barbara," I whispered, as we sat there guarding our captives until morning, "this will leave you without a home—may I not make one for you?"

She looked up into my earnest face with her clear, truthful eyes, forgetting the strange position, forgetting everything else, and answered:

"Fred, I love you—only let me make myself ready for that home."

"Ready—what do you mean?"

She looked down, with red cheeks.

"I know so little. I've had such a poor chance."

I want to go somewhere to learn, first."

I understood, and honored her for it.

"Barbara, when this term is done I shall go West—go there to make a home for you. It may be a year before all is prepared, it may be more, but when I come back for you, will you be ready?"

The oil lamp flickered, and its light played in her soft hair as the wind swept in at the broken window. Then she lifted her honest, loving eyes to mine. I felt the pressure of her little hand, and heard her lips say, simply:

"Yes, Fred, with God's help, I will."

And I have never doubted. Why should I?

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE UNITED STATES AT THE MELBOURNE CENTENNIAL.

THE visitor to the Main Building of the grand International Exposition at Melbourne (commemorating the first centenary of the settlement of the Australian Colonies), proceeding up the Grand Avenue of Nations, and passing the courts of Great Britain and France on the one hand, New South Wales and Victoria on the other, and several foreign and colonial courts, approaches the north end, and reaches that of Germany, and the United States Court next it, the entrance to the latter of which is shown in our illustration. The United States Court is distinguished by the stars painted on columns, and by the name in large gold letters under the side-lights; its front is occupied by Singer's sewing-machines, and Edison's phonographs attract much curiosity. In the machinery annex, at the north end, Great Britain, America and Germany divide the space between them. As a well-furnished and well-ordered show of leading arts and industries, European, American and Australian, and of Colonial products, the Melbourne Exhibition is described as tolerably complete.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN AUSTRIA.

A picture is given of an incident of the Prince of Wales's visit to Austria, last month, to witness the manoeuvres of the Thirteenth Army Corps at Bellovar, in company with the Emperor Francis Joseph and the Crown Prince Rudolph. The main idea of the manoeuvres was that an Eastern army under General von Keimart was advancing on Aggram and Bellovar from Bosnia, and that it was opposed by a Western or defending force under General von Korwin. The Emperor and the Prince of Wales, with the Crown Prince and the Archdukes William and Otto, remained for some time on a plateau, whence they could watch all the evolutions. The Prince of Wales rode by the Emperor's side all the morning, and manifested the greatest interest in the proceedings, which included some brilliant cavalry charges, and especially one of the

Landwehr cavalry. At noon they dismounted at the hamlet of Bulmac, and drank the wine of the country with officers, soldiers and peasants. In the evening there was a state banquet at Bellovar.

FLOODS IN NORTHERN ITALY.

The heavy rains which seem to have been constant throughout Europe this Fall have caused the waters of the lake at Como to overflow. The driving wind and swollen mountain torrents succeeded in flooding, with six feet or more of water, all the quarters fronting the lake. Craft of every kind are to be seen, from the raft with two boxes and a board to the lake steamer, waiting for their customers unable to reach them. The disaster is everywhere taken most good-humoredly, the visitors especially enjoying it; though the long faces of their hosts tell that they, at any rate, have fears for the consequence. It is twenty years since a similar flood took place, and even then it was not so deep as to reach the cathedral and cloisters, as in this instance.

THE NOVOTCHERKASK MONUMENT.

In the City of Novotcherkask, the capital of the Don Cossack Land, is to be dedicated a splendid monument in commemoration of the ninth centenary of the introduction of Christianity in Russia. The monument will be placed on the spot where the Cossacks have met five Czars, beginning with Peter the Great and ending with Alexander III., the present Autocrat of Russia. Four arches of the monument are to be crowned with a dome in the form of the old Slavonian helmet. The inscriptions will be: "In Memory of the Baptism of the People of United and Indivisible Russia." "From West and North, from North and Sea—All thy Children." On the marble tablets placed in the sides of the monument will also be inscribed memorable events of Cossack history.

SLAVE-RAIDING IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Every year (writes Mr. H. H. Johnston, the well-known English explorer, in the London *Graphic*) the slave traders and raiders, who are mainly the Mohammedans of the north, centre and east, penetrate further and further into the nooks and corners of unravaged Negro Africa. Nearly every fresh journey of European explorers brings to light the sudden and lamentable appearance of these pitiless man-hunters, with their donkeys and horses and camels, their long clothes, their guns, their prayers, rites, diseases and vices, in regions of the bow and arrow and the spear, where the happy naked negroes have hitherto led an untroubled, bucolic existence, innocent of vice, ignorant of fanaticism, and tolerably free from disease and corruption. The native community whence they desire to procure their slaves appears too weak to resist a determined onslaught. Creeping up through the long grass, gliding through the encompassing belt of forest, selecting, no doubt, a time when most of the warriors are absent fishing or hunting, the slave-raiders suddenly pounce on the doomed village, which they rapidly encircle. The loud discharge of their guns paralyzes the inhabitants with terror, and the panic is doubtless added to by the firing of the thatched huts. The few men who attempt an ineffectual resistance with their spears and clubs and bows and arrows are pitilessly shot down. The women, the boys, and such youths or young men as are easily overpowered, are speedily secured; their hands are usually tied behind the back, and their necks are invested with the heavy forked sticks which the slave-raiders have previously cut and brought with them on the backs of their donkeys or their slave porters. In addition to these wooden yokes, the slaves are frequently tied together by long, twisted liana cords, made of the tough brush creepers. The little children are rarely tied, except with their heartstrings. Their attachment to their mothers, and the mothers' determination not to be parted from their children, combine to carry them along with the slave-caravan—as long, that is to say, as their poor little legs can bear them.

AN APPALLING RAILWAY DISASTER.

THE accident which occurred on Wednesday evening of last week, at the little station of Mud Run, between White Haven and Penn Haven Junction, on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, in north-eastern Pennsylvania, was appalling in its great sacrifice of human life, and most heart-rending in its details of anguish and horror. Not less than sixty persons were killed outright, and a hundred more sustained severe injuries. It is a very serious thing, and sometimes impossible, to attempt to fix the responsibility for calamities of this kind; and yet, in the present instance it is hard to escape the conviction that the awful slaughter was the result of absolute carelessness, or something worse.

There had been a grand Catholic excursion to Hazleton, in honor of the birthday anniversary of Father Mathew, the revered apostle of total abstinence. Three hundred railroads had brought nearly 20,000 people from all parts of the counties of Wayne, Luzerne, Carbon and Lackawanna, of the Diocese of Scranton. The excursionists were for the most part miners and their families, members of temperance societies, and boys and girls belonging to school organizations. Towards the evening, after thoroughly enjoying the day's festival, the people of Scranton, Wilkesbarre, Pleasant Valley, and the towns near by, made ready to take their trains homeward. Eight trains were in the depot to take those going to the Scranton and Wilkesbarre region. Each train had eight or twelve cars, and was drawn up the hills by two large eight-wheeled engines. The first four trains went through safely. The fifth section left Hazleton at 5 o'clock P.M., and on arrival at Mud Run, getting no orders to run ahead, pulled up about five hundred feet beyond the little station and lay there to await orders. Knowing that the other section was not far behind, the conductor sent out his flagman, and saw that the signals were all out to arrest the approaching train.

At Mud Run the track takes a wide incurve. The waiting train stood almost at one end, and could certainly have been seen by any train approaching along the whole curve, a distance of fully half a mile. Notwithstanding all this, the oncoming train, drawn by two engines, the foremost of which was piloted by Engineer Harry Cook, came tearing around the curve, and at the speed of twenty miles an hour dashed into the rear of the standing train. It is said that the engineer of the standing train, Anderson Brown, of Wilkesbarre, saw the train as it drew near, and at once put on steam, so that his train was moving slowly when the shock came. Had it not been for this the loss of life would have been even greater than it was.

The foremost locomotive of the colliding train plowed its way for a distance of twenty feet into

the rear car, which was crowded with passengers. Men, women and children—almost every one in that end of the car—were killed. The rear car was driven into the second car almost half its length, and here again the slaughter was fearful. In these two cars, into which were crowded fully two hundred persons, at least one-half were killed on the spot or badly hurt, while scarcely one escaped altogether uninjured.

The ensuing scenes were indescribably horrible. Nearly two thousand persons were gathered there in the darkness, not knowing how to go to work to help the wounded and dying, whose shrieks of agony filled the air. None knew whether their friends were living or dead. Women rushed about wild with excitement, while the men and boys were little better.

Jammed in the broken woodwork were the poor victims, suffering all the agonies of broken and crushed limbs and bodies, together with the torture of steam scalds. The situation appalled even the strongest hearts, and for a time seemed to unnerve even the strongest arm.

Messages had been dispatched to Mauch Chunk and White Haven, the two nearest towns, and at about eleven o'clock physicians began to arrive from both towns. By this time most of the wounded had been taken from the wreck and carried into a little station, where such help as could be given was offered them. The doctors devoted every energy to dressing the injured and preparing them for removal. The railroad officials exerted themselves to provide means for transportation of the other passengers, and at three o'clock in the morning the first train pulled away from the scene. By four o'clock all the wounded and uninjured passengers had been taken from the spot, and the bodies of the dead were laid out for recognition. The tragedies of despair that were enacted at that little station no pen can ever describe. The funeral train brought fifty-seven dead bodies into Wilkesbarre on Thursday evening. The number of the injured is not known exactly, because some were taken to their homes or the homes of friends, and have not yet been sought out.

STRIKE AND RIOT IN CHICAGO.

THE extensive and turbulent strike of the street-car drivers and conductors in Chicago, which during the earlier part of last week deprived the residents of the North Side and West Side of that city of their customary means of transit to and from business, was in the old anarchist district. The men of the North Side went out first, demanding an advanced scale of wages; and on Tuesday morning, the 9th inst., they were joined by some 2,000 men of the West Side division, making altogether an army of fully 3,000 strikers, with whom the population of the district openly and actively sympathized. These railroad lines are run by a Philadelphia syndicate, of which Mr. C. T. Yerkes is President.

Between 700 and 1,000 policemen were put on duty in the disturbed quarters, and for a day or two a few cars were run with such new hands as could be obtained; but over half of Chicago's population had to walk instead of riding as usual. Every car that made a trip on the North or West Side was escorted by a small procession of police and patrol-wagons. The first actual collision occurred on Garfield Avenue, on Tuesday afternoon, when the police clubbed back a mob engaged in obstructing the tracks, and a small riot ensued. Alderman Reich of the Twenty-third Ward took a conspicuous part in the disturbances of this day, encouraging the strikers and remonstrating with the police officers. Superintendent Nagle of the car company drew a revolver on the strikers, but was disarmed by a police lieutenant, and afterwards knocked down by a man in the crowd.

On Wednesday the police again used their clubs freely in attempting to get a car through on Western Avenue. The streets on the North and West Sides on which cars were run were packed with people the entire afternoon, and at certain points tremendous crowds gathered. Obstructions were placed on the tracks as fast as they were removed, and each appearance of a car or policeman was the signal for yells and showers of stones. The next two days brought little apparent change in the situation. In the anarchist districts there were fears of serious rioting. Several dynamite cartridges were found upon the tracks at Sedgwick and Schiller Streets last Thursday, and the strikers were so audacious as to sit down in the centre of Market Street and begin breaking the rails with cold-chisels and hammers. The dynamite, which was covered with hay, is said to have been placed on the tracks by a striking conductor, who has been arrested. On Friday morning, however, some cars were run with comparatively little disturbance. Later in the day conferences were held between committees of citizens and strikers and Mayor Roche, and the strikers consented to declare the strike off if Mr. Yerkes would give the North Side men privileges which the West Side men enjoyed before they struck, the company to retain the new men hired during the strike. A final agreement was reached, under which the strike was terminated and cars began running as usual on Saturday morning.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

OCTOBER 6TH.—In Yonkers, N. Y., James L. Jackson, the prominent iron manufacturer, aged 70 years. October 7th.—In New York, Dr. Henry M. Cohen; in Bedford, Mass., Leander Hosmer, a veteran of 1812, aged 92 years; in Port Jervis, N. Y., ex-Assemblyman David B. Luckey, aged 82 years; in New York, George R. Chipman, Treasurer of the Metropolitan Opera House, aged 45 years; in New York, Morgan H. Johnson, journalist; in New York, Judge Walter S. Pinckney, aged 57 years. October 8th.—In New York, Dr. Hugh T. Cassidy, aged 34 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., the Rev. J. F. C. Hennicke, pastor of the German Zion Lutheran Church, aged 63 years; in Germany, Dr. Samuel Kneeland, of Boston. October 9th.—In Laurelside, Pa., John Savage, the well-known Irish poet and author, aged 60 years; in New York, Michael Mulry, the contractor, aged 74 years; in New Orleans, La., Benjamin C. Higdon, of the Western Union Telegraph Company; in Yonkers, N. Y., Henry Monet, General Passenger Agent of the New York Central Railroad, aged 35 years. October 10th.—In Cornwall, N. Y., Benjamin E. Lawton, a prominent merchant of New York and Havana; in Rahway, N. J., Lewis J. Bridgeman, an old New York merchant, aged 82 years. October 11th.—In New York, Abraham K. Lisberger, the well-known metal manufacturer, aged 57 years. October 12th.—In Boston, Mass., George Ramford Baldwin, the eminent engineer, aged 91 years; in Montrose, N. J., Lieutenant-colonel George W. Wallace, United States Army (retired), aged 70 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

A death is announced of Father Schleyer, the inventor of Volapük.

Mrs. Langtry has just returned from Europe with a new play, written by Robert Buchanan.

The King of Denmark, who makes punctuality a hobby, is called Christian the Precise by his subjects.

Among recent victims of the yellow fever at Jacksonville, Fla., was Mr. Edward Martin, editor of the *Times-Union*.

Ex-Senator Thurman last week argued the case of the United States against the Bell Telephone Company in the Supreme Court at Washington.

It is stated that General Master Workman Powderly of the Knights of Labor is about to become a lawyer, having just completed a regular course of study.

William Pepper, of Philadelphia, who as consulting physician attended the late General Sheridan during his last illness, has refused to accept pay for his services.

Mrs. Cleveland, wife of the President, left her Adirondack retreat last week, and came to New York, where she spent a day with personal friends, and then proceeded to Washington.

The United States Senate has passed a Bill to pay \$8,475 to the widow of Chief-justice Waite, being the balance of his year's salary. It is expected that the House will reject the measure.

M. de Braza declares that there is no doubt in his mind that Stanley is safe and pursuing his scheme to subdue the country by diplomatic dealings with the tribes, and then present it to England.

Fraulein Senkrah, otherwise Miss Harkness, the American girl who recently gained an enviable reputation in Germany as a violin-player, has married a lawyer at Weimar, and will be heard no more in public.

Rev. Dr. George H. Houghton celebrated on the 7th inst. the fortieth anniversary of his pastorate of the Church of the Transfiguration in New York, more familiarly known all over the country as the "Little Church around the Corner."

Sir Charles Dilke announces that he will shortly retire to private life. His friends claim that the verdict against him in the Crawford case was a total miscarriage of justice, and that evidence recently obtained fully confirms this claim.

B. F. Hutchinson, the Chicago wheat-manipulator, is averse to having his photograph taken, and has never allowed a photographer to point a camera at him. His son said, a few days ago, that he would give \$1,000 to get a photograph of his father.

William H. R. Jackson, of New Haven, Conn., is a colored man, born of a slave mother, who has had considerable success as an artist. By hard work he acquired the rudiments of drawing and coloring and made his way through a three years' course at the Yale Art School.

Mrs. Cady Stanton at a late meeting explained that the Woman's Suffrage movement in this country was started by herself, Susan B. Anthony, Ann G. Phillips, Emily Winslow and Abby Southwith, of Boston, and Lucretia Mott, Sarah Pugh, Elizabeth Neal and Mary Grew, the four latter of Philadelphia.

The Emperor William was received with royal honors on his visit to Rome last week. A crowd of 50,000 persons assembled in front of the palace and cheered him lustily, while the street pageant in his honor was one of unusual splendor. He subsequently visited the Pope, with whom he had a private conference.

The Republicans of New York have nominated the following municipal ticket: Mayor—Joel B. Erhardt; Sheriff—John W. Jacobus; County Clerk—Henry C. Perley; President of the Board of Aldermen—James T. Van Rensselaer. Mr. Erhardt was formerly a Police Commissioner and a United States Marshal.

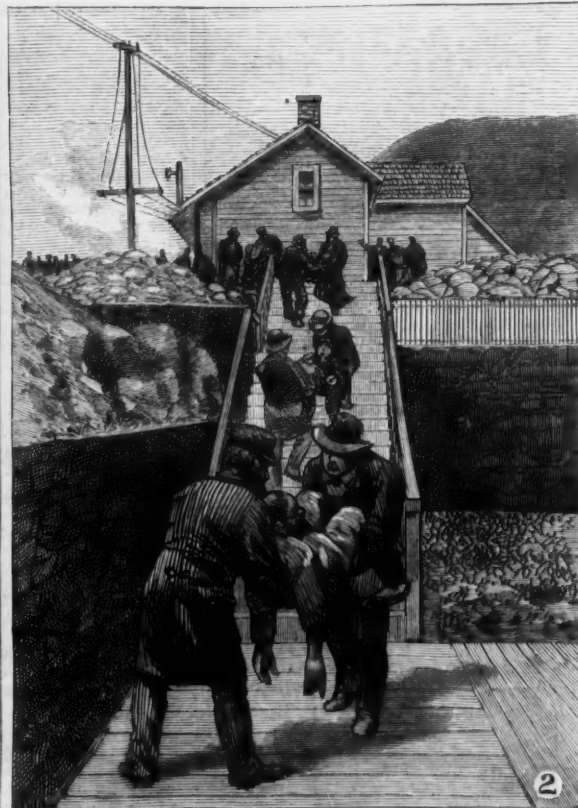
Buffalo Bill is about to disband his Wild West show for the winter. The Indians will be taken back to their reservation; the horses, buffaloes, etc., to Washington, where they will be wintered. Colonel Cody will take a horseback tour through Mexico, and his partner, Mr. Salsbury, will rest in New York. They have had a very successful season.

Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree) has her home now in a hotel in St. Louis. A lady who has visited her recently describes it as barren of those adornments that are now considered a necessary part of every well-regulated apartment. The room is about as the hotel-proprietor made it, Miss Murfree's only addition being a big office-desk, at which she does her writing.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, at its recent meeting in Cleveland, O., adopted a resolution expressing its high appreciation and grateful recognition of the intelligent interest taken in the affairs and relations of missionaries in Turkey by the United States Minister in Constantinople, Mr. Strauss, and for his continued and vigorous efforts on their behalf.

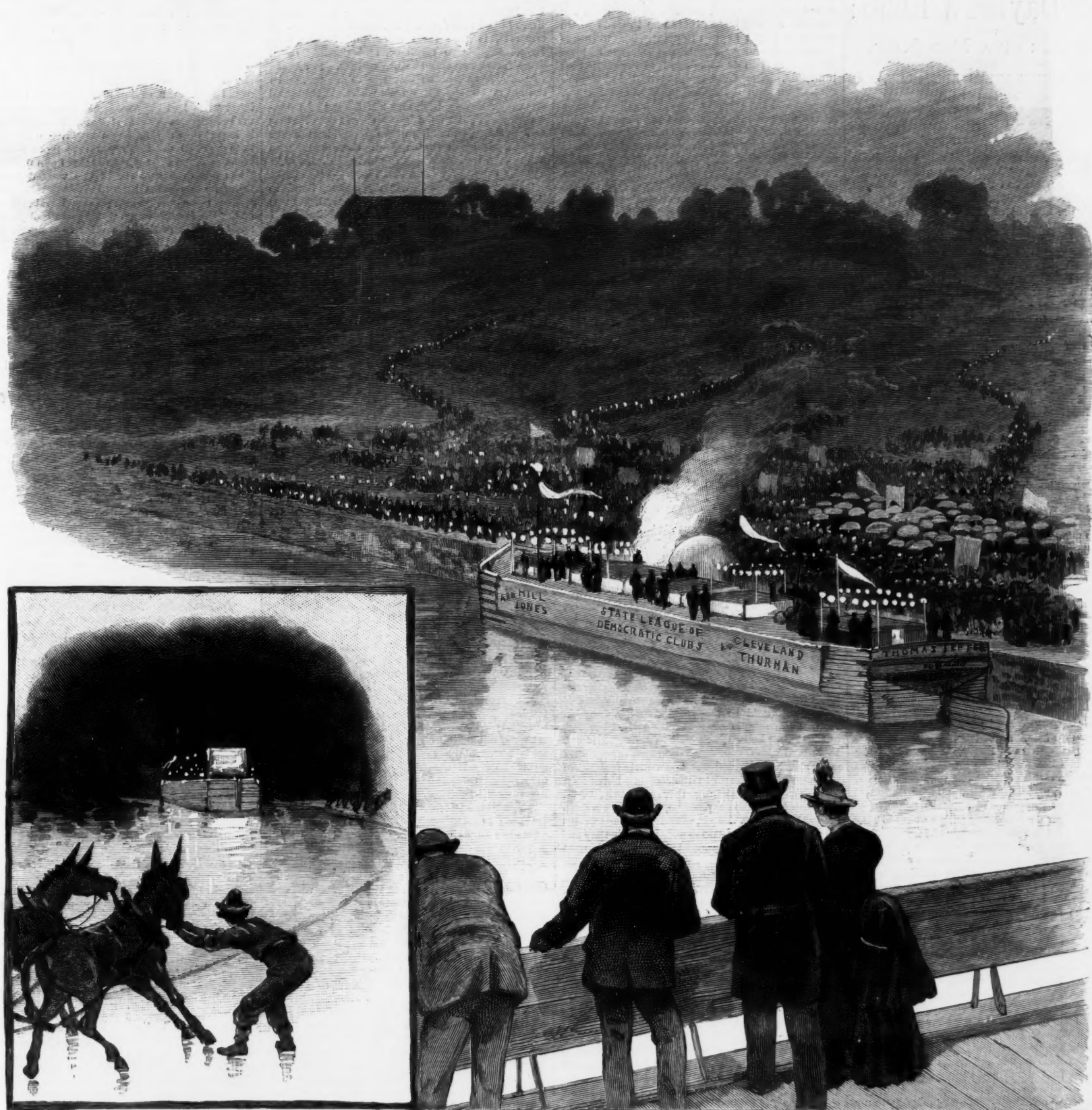
The intimate friends of Mr. Robert Garrett are much encouraged by the reports of an improvement in his condition which has taken place within the past few days. He is no longer violent, and his physical health has greatly changed for the better; indeed, so much so, that the family hope to be able to remove him to Baltimore in a short time, and have strong hopes of his ultimate recovery.

James C. Flood, the American millionaire, was last week prematurely reported dead at Heidelberg, Germany. The report was promptly contradicted, though Mr. Flood's critical condition is not denied. He is one of the four great bonanza kings of the Pacific Slope, of whom only John W. Mackey and James G. Fair now survive. The history of these four men, all Irishmen, and all rich beyond the measure of even the millionaires of California, is a tale as wild as any the most audacious novelist has invented. At one time their wealth amounted to nearly \$200,000,000. Mr. Flood has never been a well man since before the disastrous wheat deal, which he closed out in the Spring of 1887. The losses from that deal were estimated at \$6,000,000. He has suffered for several years from Bright's disease, and early last year he became dangerously ill, and was forced to give up active business. He rallied, and his physicians urged him to go to Europe at once, but it was not until this Spring that he departed, with his wife and daughter, for Carlsbad.



1. GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE OF DISASTER. 2. REMOVING THE INJURED TO THE HOTEL AT MUD RUN. 3. INTERIOR OF A FUNERAL CAR.
PENNSYLVANIA.—THE FRIGHTFUL RAILROAD DISASTER AT MUD RUN, OCTOBER 10TH—SIXTY-THREE PERSONS KILLED
AND MANY OTHERS SERIOUSLY INJURED.

FROM SKETCHES BY FRANK ADAMS.—SEE PAGE 155.



1. SCENE ON "THE FRONT," FOOT OF PORTER AVENUE, BUFFALO: THE EVE OF DEPARTURE. 2. A CANAL APPARITION. 3. A TOWPATH GATHERING.
 • NOVEL POLITICS ON THE ERIE CANAL—TRIP OF THE CANALBOAT "THOMAS JEFFERSON" FROM BUFFALO TO ALBANY.
 FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 153.

For Dayber's Echo:

THE ROMANCE OF A MAD RACE.

BY CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING YEARS," "OF TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED).

"WELL, what is next?" asked Mrs. Della Pillah. "Next comes the terror, the sorrow and the remorse that tortured me," said Prince Prettyman. "I had been drifting with the current of events. I had not seen how near I was coming to the brink of perdition. I had reasoned that Lionel Dayber would probably never return to his home in the East; that some one must enjoy the estate of Dayber's Echo after him; and that if a particularly lovely lady wanted it, and if her husband had gone to the trouble to come clear to California to get it for her, she ought to be the one to have it. I didn't see much harm in borrowing a few documents for the sake of the information in them. Dr. Pillah called it borrowing, and I argued with my conscience that it had been considered a legitimate thing to seek knowledge ever since the time of Adam. I didn't much object to the writing part of the business, either; law was a humbug, so I said to myself, and made a great many senseless forms necessary; but you wanted Dayber's Echo; you ought to have it; you should have it; and I didn't seriously condemn the man who followed our usual Western custom—made his own path instead of following some other man's road."

"Perhaps you were wise."

"Perhaps I was. I took high honors in college once, but I confess to being a little 'rusty,' just now, in psychology and ethics, and so—perhaps I was. You may be a better judge than I."

Something in what the man said, possibly more in his manner than in his words, alarmed her.

"You gave me to understand you had had no education," she said, protestingly.

"Did I? I am very sorry. I thought I spoke of your advantages. Surely the woman who has had her every wish anticipated, her every desire gratified—except perhaps one—her whole life long, has had greater advantages than the man who obtained his learning as he has gained his livelihood—by working for it."

"I think I understand you," said she.

"I trust you do," replied he.

"And now—go on. Hurry. I am becoming wearied, and besides, I have an engagement with my dressmaker—an engagement that it is almost time to meet, and which cannot be postponed."

"Cannot be postponed?" sneered the wolf-like man; "do you dare mention such a thing to me? Such folly may be reason enough when your ladyship desires to terminate an interview with your husband, but you'll mention it to me at your peril. You can give me your time this morning, or decline to do so, as you please. But I shall not return here to tell you what I may leave unsaid this morning. You slept comfortably last night, I suppose; I do not doubt that your Peter slept well also—somewhere. And I? I stood in front of your house all the night long—stood there with neither sleep nor food. Be sure I am in no humor to find my time of vigil wasted. I'll forego my revenge on Peter Pillah—or take it in some other way—sooner than submit to the indignity you've dared to hint at. You can see your dressmaker, when you wish and as long as you wish; be assured I shall not compel a lady to listen to me against her will; but, if you send me away before I am done, that is the end; you can choose between your dressmaker and—Dayber's Echo!"

"But, Mr.—Mr. Prettyman—I pledged you my word!"

"Hear the woman talk!" exclaimed Mr. Prettyman, addressing an imaginary audience; "hear her talk of her word—when I'm telling her of such sins in her behalf as—"

"Very well; go on. I have learned patience."

"Have you, indeed? I think you've had time—ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Thank you. I will continue. I have said that theft and forgery—to call the things by their proper names—had seemed rather excusable under the circumstances. But when it came to burning—"

"Don't."

"To burning a man's house over his head, and shooting him down almost in his own doorway, that was another matter. Aside from the danger of detection, which wasn't small, and the certainty of the punishment which would follow, and which wouldn't be very light, I suffered the agonies of an actual sorrow and remorse that—"

"But I see you are losing your interest. You doubtless do not understand remorse."

"Is it any of your concern, sir, whether—"

"No. I'm glad to say it isn't. I should lose more sleep over it, if it was, than I did in those old-time nights of horror, I fear. But—"

"This was something for which you couldn't forgive my husband, was it?"

"I was about to say that it wasn't. I was about to say that I freely forgave him all that."

"What—then—"

"Don't be impatient. I shall get to it all in good time, and in my own way. And you know we decided to let your dressmaker wait. It was getting time for two men to leave that mining camp behind them, to do it secretly or without exciting suspicion, to leave things in such a condition that they wouldn't care to return—and to get so good a start of any possible pursuit that they wouldn't have to. They were Prince Prettyman and Royal Noble."

"I see."

"See? You see nothing. Sitting here, in your luxurious home, you cannot guess the terrors of such a situation. Every man in the camp was

eager and alert. Every one gave up work. Every one drank, and drank more than was good for him—or for any unfortunate one towards whom suspicion might happen to point. The town was like a powder-magazine, waiting for some reckless hand to hurl in the firebrand of suggestion or innuendo. If any one had but hinted at Noble's connection with the attack upon Lionel Dayber, there would have been a fight, a hopeless fight, a fight to the death. I should have stood by his side, in it, to the inevitable end. It would have been the two of us against the rest of the camp. I made up my mind fully to that. And still, I had been there a very long time, while Noble was a newcomer. Suspicion might have fallen upon him a hundred times, and utterly passed me by. No matter. I should have stood by his side—because I belonged there. If any one had to suffer, I would take my share."

"I—I see—I—"

"No, madam, you don't see that, either. The state of mind that I was in is one you never experienced. You are incapable of it."

"Well?"

"Well? Do you think it is well? The time may come when you will think otherwise. I tried to settle with Royal Noble. He had promised me a certain sum of money for my services. It would have been no more than just if I had demanded more, for I felt that I must go away, go far that no one of the men then living there would ever see me again, and leave one of the most valuable and productive of claims behind me. It wouldn't do to attempt to sell it, for that would have drawn suspicion upon me at once."

"I wonder suspicion did not fall elsewhere."

"So do I. I start from my sleep, sometimes, and from bad dreams I have, the tears running out of my eyes—"

"Regretting that suspicion—"

"Thanking God that it didn't fall upon the innocent."

"But you were in terrible danger. Your life hung in the balance. I do not understand—"

"Of course you don't. Don't try. You'll only worry your daintily housed brains to no purpose. Some innocent man or men would have suffered, if Royal Noble had been as well acquainted in camp as I was. He didn't know in whose pathway to drop a deadly hint; he knew there were men in whose cases there would have to be proof, and he didn't know which ones they were; he knew there must be men in whose cases words of accusation would be enough for such a frenzied mob as the miners of Golden Slope had become, but he didn't know which ones to name. I knew. I saw men who feared accusation and execution—yes, and who expected it. I saw their feelings in their faces, their terror in their eyes. I saw men watching them, watching them narrowly. And on general principles, perhaps, they deserved no mercy. You, Mrs. Pillah, may have heard of individuals who deserve no mercy—though they are innocent of certain specified crimes. A shouted name, a rush for a man, and it would have been the end of his chapter! And, on the whole, in more than one case, the camp would have been the better for it. But I am never sorry to think that the crowd kept its sober senses, that first day after intended murder had failed of its object at the lonely cabin of Lionel Dayber. I am never sorry to have it to remember that I, as much as any one, kept back the current which might have swept its evil way so fiercely and so far as to have left it for ever impossible to set things right again. Well, as I said, I attempted to settle with the villain who called himself Noble; I demanded only what was due me by the terms of our bargain, and the bargain his own arrangement. He refused to settle as I wished. There had been some money paid me on account. He claimed it was more than I thought, and I was so certain that I was right that I would not give up. We quarreled, and—"

"And you hate him—"

"I've said so. But not for that. He may have been in the right about what he said he had paid me. I couldn't have taken oath to the amount. I freely forgave him for his stubborn stinginess. I did not remember against him the sneering maliciousness of his assertions that after what had happened he didn't think it would be really necessary to pay me at all. I never quite understood what happened next, nor why, nor how. I had used no hard language towards him. Neither one had raised his voice high enough to disturb the men outside his cabin. It may be that the wild ways of the camp had had an undue influence on him, and that he only remembered how far he was from civilization; it may be that he had a sudden insane desire to be rid of me, and quite misunderstood what the temper of the rest of the men would be likely to be if he killed me; and it may be that his action was simply one of those sudden freaks for which men are hardly more responsible than you are for yawning over this story, Mrs. Pillah."

"But, sir, I assure you—"

"No matter. It interests me, at any rate. He suddenly drew his knife. He sprang for me. I should have escaped him, had not my foot slipped. As it was, I got this!"

And again the hideous scar on the man's face was slowly traced its entire length by the long and skinny forefinger of his gaunt right hand.

"It was as much as a man's life was worth to do such a thing as this, unless the provocation was very great, and even that would not have counted for much with men whose excited brains had been so fired with poor liquor as had those of the inhabitants of Golden Slope that day. Besides, I had been there for years, while Royal Noble had hardly lived among us long enough to be regarded as one of us. I had it in my power to save or sacrifice that man, that day, and I saved him!"

"How?"

"I gave him my hand, before them all. I said that I bore no malice. I claimed to have taken too much liquor, and admitted having been the

aggressor. The men thought no less of him, when I had finished, than they did before; I have sometimes hoped they didn't think much less of me. At any rate, it gave them something besides poor Lionel Dayber to think of, and possibly saved some innocent party because of that. It seemed to promise to be an advantage to me, too, and I did not much regret it, on the whole. The wound was only a flesh-wound, and not likely to be dangerous; still, it was a good excuse for leaving Golden Slope, and going where I could have better medical attention than any one there could give me, unless, indeed, it was Royal Noble himself."

"The cause of your hatred, then—"

"Is yet to be told! When I gave my hand to Royal Noble, in the late afternoon, my heart was in my hand-clasp; I meant the good-fellowship I expressed. When I rode away, in the early evening, on my way to a town fifty miles distant, he was the man whose hand I took last and held longest; you see I felt sorry for the fellow, and thought I understood the full extent of the danger he was in—the danger which would have been genuine enough if I had remained at home instead of going away. Well, I rode away into the night, into the wilderness, with only the stars to show me the way. I knew I was going away for ever. I knew I should never ride up the rocky path to Golden Slope again. I meant to put as many miles as possible between myself and that place before morning. I knew I had left a fortune behind me, some of it in gold I had already secured, but more in the value of the claim I had abandoned. And still, I was not sorry. I had saved Royal Noble—for you. I knew he loved you. I believed him when he said you loved him. I couldn't get the memory of your picture out of my mind, that night—your picture, as I had seen it once when he had been in a more confidential mood than usual—and I felt glad that I had saved him; and I prayed—or tried to—that you might never know how utterly unworthy was the man whose wife you were, nor how much his safety had cost another man. I came to the place where I should have turned to go to the city—or larger town—larger than our hamlet of Golden Slope, I mean—for which it was understood I had started. Did I turn there? Not I. Had I any intention of going to the place I had mentioned as my destination? Not the slightest, nor had I had. I was willing to run the risk of increased injury to my wounded face. But I was not willing to run the risk of remaining in reach of the prospectors at Golden Slope. I was heading for the coast, for San Francisco, where I hoped to find a vessel to take me out of the country. No, I did not turn aside towards the town I had named; I kept straight on. It was Fate—I suppose. It came near being fatal; it will be fatal to some one—or some one's happiness."

"You mean Peter Pillah?"

"Yes; I mean Royal Noble. I'm coming to my grievance in a few minutes, if you'll only have patience."

"I'm glad of that."

"It was almost morning. I had fallen quite into the sentimental spirit of the night, much as I had the night before when Royal was heaping materials for his fire around the house of the sleeping Lionel Dayber. The stars seemed nearer; those on the far horizon seemed to beckon to me, and to urge me on—to a new and better life; the snowy mountain-top, left far behind already, seemed a fitting symbol of the unpleasant and heart-destroying existence I was leaving behind me. I thought of a little girl in the far-off East who had loved me once—you might not think it, Mrs. Pillah, but it was true. I thought of the grave in which I had buried her, and my love for the scenes of my youth, together. I thought of you, less beautiful and winsome than she had been, and wondered whether she would be pleased and happy because I had tried to save the guilty man who loved you so. I wondered if she was now looking down upon me, from some one of the great suns which stud the confines of infinite space, and whether she understood how little I had led and how carelessly I had followed in the path which had taken Royal Noble and me so near destruction. I—"

"And suddenly I heard a sound which blanched my cheeks, sending my blood in one agonized flood to my startled heart. It was the sound of horses, ridden at their greatest speed. The vigilantes were on my track!"

"And then?"

"And then, the spirit of the night seemed to withdraw her blessed presence from me. The air grew raw and chill. The stars which had seemed to beckon to me were gone, swallowed up by the western horizon-line of our whirling globe. The heavens were growing dim, but no light, breaking in the east, gave promise of another day. And, Mrs. Pillah, my hopes for another day were very, very slender ones."

"But your trial? And your evidence? All that would take time, would it not?"

"The evidence was all in. They had found the stolen documents, which Lionel Dayber had not even missed, hidden under the floor of my house. No one could imagine what I could have wanted them for. In and of themselves, apart from the information which could be gained from them, they were of no value to any one but Lionel Dayber, and of very little to him. But all that made no difference to them; they were concerned only with facts, not with the reasons for them. Lionel said that the papers had been in his possession the day before; he supposed that was the fact, but in that he was mistaken. So the evidence was all in when the pursuers started; I had been condemned before they had ridden an hour; they had decided to negative any appeal for mercy when they followed my horse's track past the place where I should have taken the other road if I had told them the truth. There was only execution, then—"

"Do you mean—by lynching?"

"That is what I mean."

"Oh, sir—"

"Never mind. I won't be long with that part of the story. It was quite as unpleasant for me as it is for you. It was hard, though, very hard, to see the guilty man riding in the front rank of the avengers."

"You—you might have killed him?"

"Yes, I suppose so. But I made no fight. It would have been of no use. Besides, I did not know what had happened, nor how black against me the case really was. 'While there is life there is hope,' they say, and you may live to know that it is true. I did not know that more than the gauziest cloud of suspicion rested upon my name; I was not even sure that I was wanted for anything more serious than to give testimony for or against some one. The fact that Royal Noble was one of the foremost men would have been an argument in favor of the reason for my pursuit being trivial—if he had been any other than Peter Pillah. As it was, I should have known him well enough to be sure that this chase had only one meaning. But, even if I had known, I should have done exactly as I did; men who had been among my best friends with this band of stern-eyed and grave-faced men; they thought they were doing their duty; they were doing it in sorrow; I could not have brought myself to have fired into the party who run me down and captured me."

"But there was Dr. Pillah?"

"Yes, there was Dr. Pillah. But I did not know then that he had betrayed me; I did not know it until long afterwards. They overtook me in the early morning. The rest of what happened took only minutes. It will take longer in the telling, possibly, than it did in the doing. Lionel Dayber had begged them to show mercy, it seems, before they started, and the only brief delay there was, was in obedience to his wishes; there were five minutes allowed me—five minutes in which to prepare to change this world for another one; do you know, Mrs. Peter Pillah, that the time will come when you would give anything—everything—even Dayber's Echo, if you are so fortunate as to possess it—for even so long a time as that?"

"I—I don't know. Did you say Dayber's Echo? Then I say 'No!'"

"Royal Noble said nothing; nothing against me; nothing for me."

"But your wound? Your handshaking? Could they not have been made to count terribly against him?"

"Not at all. My taking his hand was likely to be regarded as an attempt to win a friend whose aid I might need very soon. His eagerness against me, in the pursuit, in the capture, and—in what came afterwards, all counted in his favor with them. It seemed to show that my friendly action had neither blinded nor bribed him."

"And you did not betray him?"

"Why should I? I had to die anyway. There seemed no escape from that. And I did not know he had been treacherous to me."

"If—you—had—"

"It would have made little difference. My word could have counted but little against his that morning. And I could have proved nothing. It might have shortened my five minutes a little—that is all."

"And—and—"

"They threw a rope over the limb of a strong tree; they—they— But I will spare you the recital of that. When I regained consciousness I was lying in a hurriedly dug and very shallow grave. Some one had spread a handkerchief over my face. The sandy soil above it had but little depth. I had escaped. I struggled out of my prison-cell. I sat up, and looked around me. A hungry-looking wolf, not far away, put his head out of a thicket and snarled at me. Some evil bird of prey swung and circled in the blue ether, far, far above me. The sun was just setting over the mountains in the west. Now, madam, you know why I have sworn to be even with Peter Pillah?"

"Yes."

"Very well; promise that when Dayber's Echo is once yours you will send away your husband, and never willingly see him again."

"I promise it."

He took a book—the Book—from his pocket, and thrust it out towards her.

"Swear it," he said, sternly.

She hesitated but a moment. Then she did so. He rose to his feet and turned towards the door.

"When I see my way clear to help you," he said, harshly, "you may be sure now that I shall. You shall have Dayber's Echo—because I hate Peter Pillah. And—that is all."

"All? You—you— Do you wish me to be divorced from my husband?"

"Divorced? I don't know. I don't care. I hadn't thought of that. That is your own concern, not mine. Perhaps it would hurt Pillah more to hold him bound."

"But I—I thought—thought—"

"Well? What?"

His tones were impatient.

"That—perhaps—perhaps—you had not said all—"

"I do not understand you."

"Most men would. I thought that in all this you meant to punish Dr. Pillah by—by—displacing him."

"You do not mean—you cannot mean—"

She looked at him archly, though with a saddened and hunted-looking horror shining in her eyes. She was playing for high stakes. There was nothing she was not ready to wager in her desperate game.

"You had not said so—but—I—I feared—that—that is, I thought—that you had forgotten it—or—or—thought I understood—and—"

"What is it, woman?" he cried, catching her roughly by the arm. "Cannot you say what you mean, briefly, pointedly, and in good English?"

"I thought you wanted me in exchange for Dayber's Echo. I thought you wanted to marry me!"

He swung her away from him with as much of loathing as though she had been some reptile. He ran hurriedly from the room.

He turned at the door, white with rage, to hiss his scornful answer at her.

"Marry? Marry you?" he cried. "Never. Not even to ruin Peter Pillah. Not to save you from perdition. I shall not sell my soul for Dayber's Echo!"

(To be continued.)

THE FOUNTAIN AT THE CINCINNATI EXPOSITION.

THAT fairy-like structure of lights and water-jets, the great fountain of the Ohio Centennial Exposition at Cincinnati, rises in the very centre of the Main Building, and is a source of attraction to the shifting throngs of visitors from morning until late at night. A slender, solid column of water shoots up, as straight as a rod, and through the exact centre of an iron ring, to a height of nearly seventy-five feet, then curves, breaks, and floats down to the broad, fern-margined basin in graceful clouds of spray, with the most musical of murmurs. From this margin, also, shoot forth a great number of smaller jets, like saplings around the parent trunk, all curving symmetrically to the crystalline shaft in the centre. Amidst the white, vapory, rainbow-barred mist of the falling waters twinkle innumerable strings of electric lights, shielded within their iridescent globes, and glistening like diamonds in a bridal veil. There is a distinct fascination about the place, and few people pass it once without returning again and again, or ascending by means of the novel hydraulic elevator (which many prosaic visitors have mistaken for a new-fangled mechanism for sausage-stuffing) to the circular gallery above, to look down upon the fountain from there. All around this lovely centre, on the main floor, are grouped some of the most interesting of the Government exhibits, including the Navy Department's models of the new cruisers, guns, etc., and, under the intelligent care of Mr. Haughwaut Howe, the State Department's priceless collection of old historic treaties and other documents, bearing the autographs of foreign sovereigns and statesmen and our own illustrious forefathers.

UNVAILING THE PICKETT MONUMENT IN RICHMOND, VA.

THE unvailling of the monument in honor of the memory of General Pickett, which took place at Richmond, Va., on the 5th inst., was an occasion of great interest. Upon the invitation of the Pickett Association of Virginia, one hundred members of the Philadelphia Brigade Association and forty guests, of whom twenty-seven were ladies, arrived in Richmond the day previous, accompanied by Hon. A. G. Curtin, the "War Governor" of Pennsylvania, and participated in the demonstration. The procession to "Gettysburg Hill," Hollywood Cemetery, on Friday, included three hundred of Stonewall Jackson Camp; Confederate Veterans, from Norfolk, with the Marine Band; Pickett-Buchanan Post, of Norfolk; the Ladies' Memorial Association, of Portsmouth; Maury Camp, of Fredericksburg; Lee Camp No. 2, of Alexandria; the A. P. Hill Camp, of Petersburg; and all the veteran organizations of Richmond, and a detachment of the First Regiment of Volunteers, together with the Philadelphia visitors. At the cemetery, prayer was invoked by Rev. Richard Ferguson, Adjutant Eighteenth Virginia Infantry, General M. D. Corse, of Alexandria, Va., unveiled the monument to the memory of the "Peerless Pickett," and Major R. Taylor Scott, of Fauquier, Va., delivered the oration, a very thrilling one. Of Pickett he said: "It will tell of the kind-hearted, frank, generous, dashing, daring and knightly George E. Pickett, beloved by his men, and their only commander, who, from the Spring of 1862 to the surrender at Appomattox, bore with them their hardships and shared their tramps. Educated at West Point, he entered the United States Army at the beginning of the War with Mexico, and fought from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. At Cerro Gordo, Molino del Ray, Contreras, Churubusco, Chapultepec, and the assault upon the city, Lieutenant Pickett deported himself gallantly, was gazetted and promoted; and upon the Island of San Juan—then Captain Pickett—he defied the British fleet and retained possession of that island. Who, in 1861, at the call of his mother State, resigned his commission and came to her; was made a Colonel, and assigned to duty upon the Rappahannock River; in the Spring of 1862 was made a Brigadier-general, and assigned to the command of Cooke's brigade; was severely wounded, June 27th, 1862, at Gaines's Mill; rejoined his command as the army returned from Maryland, and was promoted to the rank of Major-general on October 10th, 1862. (It may be here stated that Gen. Pickett went into the bloody battle of Gettysburg with his division, and came out with a handful of men (150). When he looked around and saw all his beloved officers killed or wounded—all gone—and he alone left, he sat down on a stump and burst into tears.)"

On the stand were Mrs. Pickett, the general's widow, and only son, George E. Pickett. The widow was deeply affected during the delivery of Major Scott's oration on the virtues and memory of her husband.

The banquet given the Philadelphia Union Veterans at Sanger Hall, Friday evening, was a very pleasant affair, and heartily enjoyed by all. Governor Lee with his staff was present, and, as a matter of course, the Governor made a felicitous speech, as did also "War Governor" Curtin of Pennsylvania, and generals, colonels, majors and captains from both North and South. Saturday the visitors were shown around points of interest and battlefields.

One of the incidents of the trip was the presentation to Mr. Thomas H. Ford, of Buckingham, Va., of a sword which was taken from the dead body of his brother at Gettysburg. The weapon was kept by Colonel Cowan, into whose hands it fell, and when members of Pickett's division were in Philadelphia last year, this officer presented it to Captain Reeve, to be given to the family of the former owner. Its shield bears the date of 1776, and has a diminutive palmetto-tree stamped on it.

AN INTIMATE VIEW OF WILLIAM II.

MR. FOULNEY BIGELOW, whose personal acquaintance with the present Emperor of Germany dates from his school days, has communicated to the New York World some very interesting details of a recent interview. He says: "No man, in my opinion, is better equipped in every way for the work which he has got to do. I have seen, at close

quarters, most of the rulers on the European thrones, and if I am any judge of features and expression, I should say that Germany had an Emperor not only vastly superior mentally and physically to any one else in a like position, but with a training far more valuable than that of any preceding ruler of Prussia or Germany. As to his health, most of the stories told about him, generally inspired in England, are pure fabrications. He is a taller man than the average of the crack regiment officers, he is straight and square and well filled out with beef and muscle, his skin is tanned by the sun; he is, in fact—like Henry M. Stanley—a man famed for his athletic build and tough flesh as well as healthy expression. The Emperor, moreover, is one of the best rifle-shots in the army, is a good swimmer and fencer, can pull a good oar, and will ride across country with any man. In fact, I saw him during the manoeuvres take obstacles that several of his officers refused, and he did it with ease.

"Much has been said about his left arm, which is falsely asserted to be paralyzed. Well, with that left arm strapped to his side he could thrash most men of his age and height, for all the life of that arm appears to have been drawn into the right one, and when he shakes hands it is in such a way that you don't forget it very soon. It would be a grand thing for our President if he had such a grip. A gentle pressure would make a friend for ever, while a hard squeeze for any office-seeker would make sure of his never seeing that man again unless he came with his arm in a sling. Of course, the left arm is not strong, but still it has life enough to hold the reins of his horse and allow him his right hand free for hard work, and that is quite enough when you think of the additional power lodged there. The English papers have published so many yarns about the critical condition of the Emperor's health, that I was prepared to meet a man as sickly as young Prince Louis Napoleon was.

"Now as to the difficulty with his ear. It is true that he has a piece of cotton in his right ear, owing to a local irritation which made its appearance a few years ago. But this trouble does not appear to impair his hearing powers, for I never had to repeat anything I said, but spoke in usual conversational tones.

"As far as the assertions about the bad blood existing between the Emperor and his mother and family are concerned, I cannot say much on the subject. But the Emperor William is, above all, a German and a soldier, and passionately devoted to the traditions of his house and nation. This in itself may explain much that passes for his brutality. It is no secret that the widow of Emperor Frederick, an Englishwoman, whose countrypeople have been for many years hostile to Germany, has ever been busy telling Germans their defects, and urging them to adopt English ways. No doubt she has had the purest motives. But not even Mrs. Cleveland could maintain her present popularity if she did little else besides criticising American institutions, and trying to make us copy some one else's. The Emperor has shown marvelous tact in steering his course without accident since the last illness of his grandfather. I have it on unquestionable authority that when he reached San Remo, at the time when his dying grandfather sent him for news of Emperor Frederick's condition, his mother sought to prevent his entering the bedroom of the royal patient, dreading that he came with a view to assuming the Regency. Nothing is so difficult to dwell upon as family differences, nor, moreover, any subject on which we ought to be so glad to draw a veil."

PROTECTION AGAINST PRAIRIE FIRES.

A WRITER in the New York Tribune, describing the destructiveness of prairie fires, says: "Every prairie town where the people are not actuated, as they frequently are, by a spirit of criminal carelessness, is surrounded by a fire-break. This is usually made by plowing a few furrows just outside and entirely around the town. Further out, say 120 yards, another circle of furrows is made, and then the grass is burned between. This effectually prevents any hostile fire from taking the city. It very frequently happens that this fire-break is constructed after the fire which it is intended to guard against has appeared. On such occasions, while one party goes out with brooms, shovels, old grain-sacks and other weapons to stay the progress of the fire as much as possible, another attaches teams to all the plows that can be found and begins to make the needed furrows. The attacking party is usually headed by the Mayor, while the Justice of the Peace, or the leading lawyer, is apt to lead the plow brigade. As soon as the furrows are turned the 'back fire' between is started, and usually the town is saved. Perhaps the people get a great deal more enjoyment out of it than if the matter had been attended to while the danger was remote."

GIFTS TO GENERAL HARRISON.

AN Indianapolis correspondent, writing to the New York Tribune of the great number of testimonials of good-will and admiration sent to General Harrison, says: "If possession of all the various emblems of good luck may be accepted as a guarantee of success, General Harrison is certain to be the next President. The importance attached to these little creatures of superstition by the trustful individuals who have reluctantly parted with them in the hope of helping a good cause indicates a strong faith in their winning qualities, and if General Harrison should be defeated, it will be the sober conviction of the givers that an era of infernal influences has been entered upon. There are some really strange stories told in connection with these luck-bringers. In the collection is a miniature horseshoe no larger than a silver quarter, sent by a blacksmith at Martinsburg, West Va., and presented to General Harrison by the South Side Horseshoe Club of Indianapolis; and two well-worn horseshoes were found in the street directly in front of the Harrison house. There are three or four buckeyes in the collection, one of which came from a twelve-year-old girl living in Ohio, who, in a letter accompanying the gift, says that it had lain in her mamma's spoon-box for over twenty years, and the little well-wisher adds: 'Both of my grandfathers voted for your grandfather. We are going to do all we can to get you elected, and you must do all you can, too.'"

"'Lucky bones,' taken from a fine white perch caught in the Wabash River, sent by a Hoosier Republican, as well as a rabbit's foot, taken in the dark of the moon, the present of a physician, are among the gifts that are expected to be important campaign aids, as well as protectors from harm."

"Probably the most interesting of the presents are the canes, which are kept in the library where General Harrison spends most of his time while at

home. They are rare pieces of skillful workmanship; but perhaps the most wonderful of the lot is one that was sent to the general within a couple of weeks after his nomination, by Comrade Truesdale, of the Grand Army Post at Sharon, Pa. It is made of 10,500 pieces of wood of thirty-eight varieties, so closely worked together, and so neatly polished, that it is only upon close inspection that the wonderfully complex work of the painstaking old veteran can be discerned. The cane is not over an inch and a half in diameter in the thickest part, and none of the more than 10,000 pieces of wood in it is larger than an ordinary nail-head. The numerous colors of the different varieties of wood give the stick a mottled appearance. In the top of the cane is worked the emblem of the Twentieth Army Corps, to which Mr. Truesdale belonged. Another cane, of little less wonderful workmanship, was carved out of hickory by an old soldier, whose hands were disabled by service in the war, but who yet has become so skillful in carving that his work yields him a livelihood. The handle of the cane he made for General Harrison is a nearly perfect representation of a lady's hand partly closed, below which appears in relief, as plainly as pictures or type could make them, outlines of a pioneer log cabin, the seal of Indiana, and the White House, with the inscription of 'General Benjamin Harrison—Nominated for President—Chicago Convention—June, 1888.'

THE GIRLS OF MONTEVIDEO.

MARCUS A. MAYER, who has been piloting Mme. Patti through South America, says: "The girls of Montevideo are the loveliest I ever saw. There is one part of the house where they only allow ladies. That is the 'Cazuela.' It is the circle just below the gallery, or 'Paraiso,' and one of the male sex is not allowed there, and ladies are not allowed to wear bonnets in the Cazuela. The front row is reserved, and we charge \$6 for these seats. The back rows are for the admission tickets to the Cazuela, and for these we get \$1.50. At about five o'clock the young ladies commence congregating at the door, and there they stand until seven o'clock, and keep up such a chatter and row that the police often compel us to open the doors and let them in at half-past six."

"You should see the scramble! They are worse than men or boys. They take the seats back of the front row, and those who are lucky get a seat, while the unfortunate damsels are compelled to stand up. This place will hold about 800 women, and it is a beautiful sight to look up at them in all the colors of the rainbow—beautiful brunettes, bedecked in diamonds."

"At the close of the performance a platoon of soldiers—fifty men—forms on each side of the door at the exit to the streets and keeps the crowd back, so that the young ladies can depart in peace; and as they go, they are met by their brothers or fathers, or some escort, to see them home."

"You never see a lady on the street at night alone—she is always with a chaperon—and you seldom see them in the daytime alone."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE Sugar Trust has declared another two per cent. dividend, the fifth within a year.

THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND dollars has been subscribed to the fund to pay the expenses of Mr. Parnell in his litigation with the London Times.

A RUSSIAN newspaper, commenting on the Afghan situation, urges that England and Russia partition the country on ethnographical and geographical lines.

TWENTY THOUSAND Yorkshire colliers have given notice to their employers that they will go on strike unless they are conceded a ten per cent. advance in wages.

THE recent hurricane tore from the bottom and destroyed much of the sponge on the coast of Cuba, and it is feared that the trade in sponges will necessarily be suspended for some time.

GERMAN booksellers have ordered 75,000 copies of Dr. Mackenzie's history of the case of the late Emperor Frederick. It is said that Dr. Mackenzie, in his book, charges Dr. Bergmann with shortening the Emperor's life at least ten months.

THE Common Council of Berlin has adopted the motion to vote 500,000 marks to found a benevolent institute in memory of Emperor Frederick, and also the motion to open a public fund for the erection of a monument to Frederick in Berlin.

A BERLIN paper says that the Reichstag will be convoked earlier than usual, and that Prince Bismarck will ask a credit for energetic military action in Africa. Prince Henry will command the squadron which it is proposed to send there.

THE Farmers' Review estimates that the yield of corn in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, the chief corn-growing States, will be 1,435,184,858 bushels, an increase of 654,759,858 bushels as compared with 780,425,000 bushels, the yield reported by the Department of Agriculture for 1887. The total corn crop of 1888 is estimated at 2,110,920,858 bushels.

WHEAT is pouring in at the Northwest now that it is clear that the recent advance is due to a corner, and not to any real deficiency. Bread will not at once settle to its old price, for its advance is due rather to combinations of bakers than to any permanent rise in flour; but wheat will grow cheaper and imports begin again. For the past ten days, incredible as it may seem, wheat could have been imported to this country at a profit from Europe.

THE new Central Railway Station at Frankfurt-on-Main has just been opened to traffic for the first time. According to a local paper, this station is the largest in Europe, and probably in the world, and it covers a superficial area of 31,248 square meters, thereby exceeding the area occupied by the St. Pancras Railway Station in London by 15,550 square meters, and that covered by the Central Railway Station at Munich and the Schlesischer Bahnhof in Berlin by 10,200 and 12,100 square meters respectively.

THE Emperor of China's railway train, which was recently constructed in France, has just been shipped at Marseilles. It consists of six carriages, three of which are for the Emperor's own use. They are most sumptuously decorated and furnished, and the doors and panels are ornamented with immense brass dragons. In each of the imperial saloons is a throne at one end, with a small table for opium-smoking in front of it. This train is to run on the short railway of six kilometers specially constructed, near Peking, for the instruction and education of the young Emperor.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE estimated cost of the public schools of New York city for the year 1889 is \$4,108,150.

IT is stated that the membership of the Knights of Labor has declined to less than 300,000.

IT has been decided to greatly increase the strength of the German expedition for the relief of Emin Bey.

NEW YORK bakers have reduced the size of their loaves of bread on account of the advance in the price of flour.

RUSSIANS are buying extensive tracts of land in Palestine for the purpose of increasing their religious establishment.

THE new cruiser *Baltimore*, the largest vessel yet constructed for the new navy, was successfully launched on the 6th instant.

THREE HUNDRED persons were injured by the fall of a platform at a pyrotechnic display in Quincy, Ill., on the 10th instant.

IT is said that M. Floquet, the French Premier, will probably resign, owing to Cabinet dissensions over the question of revising the Constitution.

THERE were severe snowstorms, last week, in New Hampshire, Vermont and Northern New York. In Montreal, Canada, there was a snowfall of six inches.

THREE young ladies, members of a Catholic church in Wallingford, Conn., have been denounced from the altar for participating in round dances.

A ST. PETERSBURG paper publishes three diplomatic dispatches from Rome, disclosing negotiations between England and Italy for a maritime alliance against France.

THE National Line steamer *Queen* run down a French fishing-schooner off the banks of Newfoundland, on the night of the 5th inst., and twenty-one fishermen were drowned.

A DISASTROUS flood in the Province of Moukden, about 350 miles northeast of Peking, recently caused the death of hundreds of natives, the destruction of many houses, and the ruin of the crops.

SIX Chinamen who reached Plattsburgh, N. Y., last week, were turned back by the customs officers, notwithstanding they claimed to be residents of the United States and returning to their adopted homes.

THE situation of affairs in Jacksonville, Fla., continues to improve. The number of new cases is diminishing, and the deaths steadily decrease. On the 11th there were but forty-seven new cases, with two deaths.

IN the recent storm at Nokejorie, in Japan, 3,000 houses were demolished, 85 vessels were totally lost and 500 wrecked, and 52,000 persons were wounded, injured, or made dependent upon public assistance.

SIR HECTOR L. LANGEVIN, the Canadian Minister of Public Works, says that Canada does not desire annexation, is opposed to commercial union, and believes that retaliation will be dropped after the Presidential election.

THE Supreme Court of Utah has entered a final judgment dissolving the Mormon Church corporation and escheating the property to the Government. The defendants have taken the case to the Supreme Court of the United States, where it will be hotly contested.

OVER fifty Sioux Indian chiefs reached Washington last week. They will have an audience with the Committee on Indian Affairs relative to the opening of reservations. They demand 50 cents per acre in advance, or \$1.25 per acre to be paid when the lands are sold.

DURING the last fiscal year title to 8,605,194 acres of land was conveyed from the Government either by patent or by certification under specific grants. Down to the close of the year 83,158,990 acres were restored to the public domain, and 65,020,538 acres recommended for restoration.

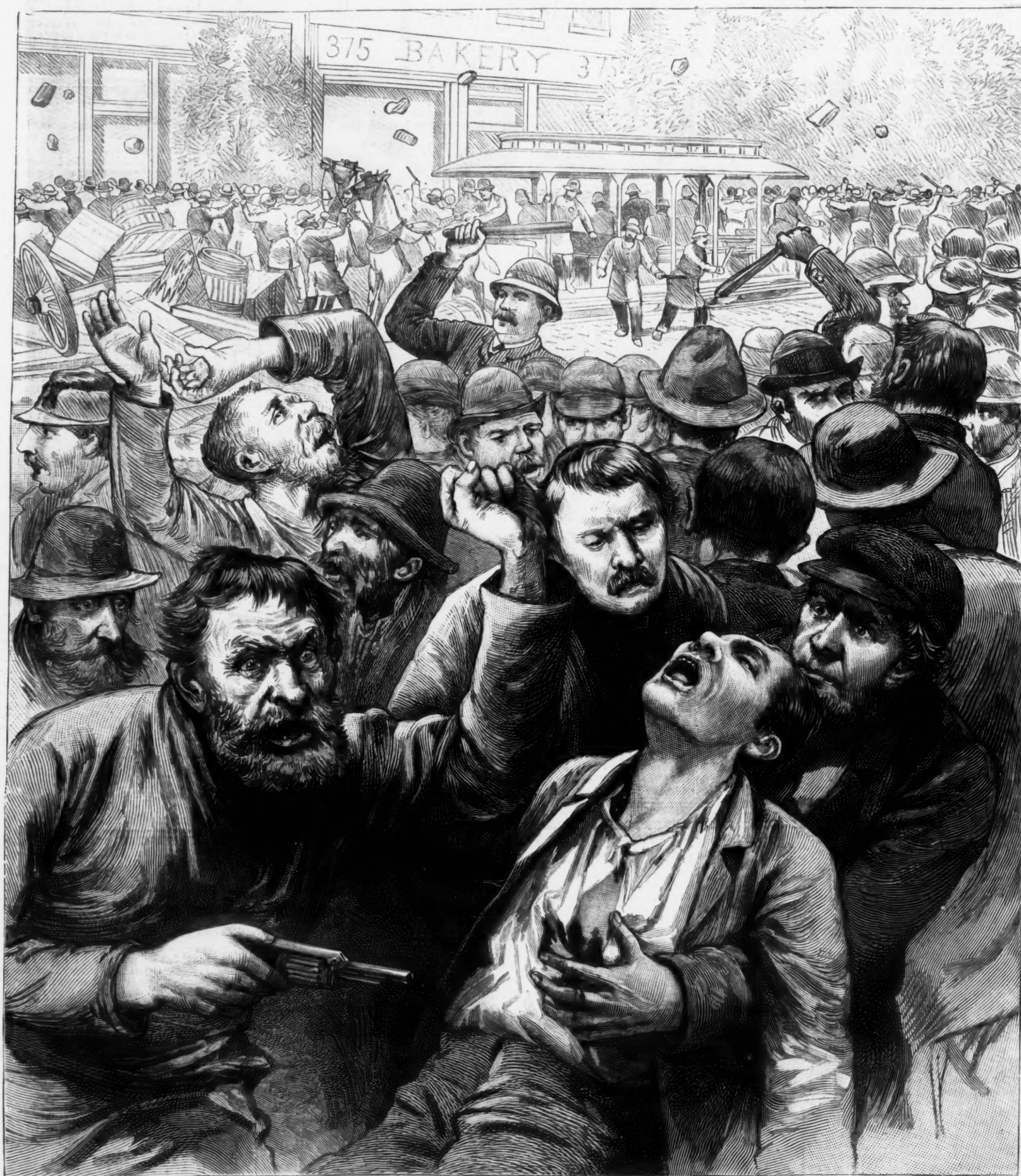
A REPORT comes from Los Angeles, Cal., of the discovery of an ancient temple on San Clemente Island, just off the coast, dedicated to the god Chinimichin. A party of scientists have gone to the island to study the ruins, which may throw light on early civilization in Arizona and New Mexico.

FOUR German frigates are to proceed to Zanzibar to protect the German residents, whose lives and property are endangered by the rising among the natives. The four warships carry a complement of 1,630 men and mount 66 guns. The German training squadron in the Mediterranean has also been ordered to Zanzibar.

THE arrangements for the Australian tour of the Chicago and All-American Baseball Clubs have been completed. They expect to sail from San Francisco, November 17th, and will play one game at Honolulu and Auckland, by special contract. The opening game in Australia will be played at Sydney about December 15th, thence the clubs will travel to Melbourne, Adelaide, and other prominent Australian cities.

A COMPANY has purchased the seltzer spring at Saratoga, and has begun experiments for the purpose of liberating and storing, in liquid form, the carbonic-acid gas with which it abounds. Professor Oscar Brunle, a German expert, has charge of the work, and has sounded the spring to a depth of 3,300 feet without touching bottom or encountering any obstacle. This strengthens the belief in the existence of a great subterranean sea which many scientific men think underlies Saratoga; and the company who are sounding the seltzer spring hope to solve the question one way or another before long.

THE quarrel in Germany over Emperor Frederick's Diary, so far from abating, waxes in fierceness. The manner in which the Government organs are attacking the memory of the late Kaiser and impugning his intelligence and honor, calling him in effect an English spy and insulting his widow, is nothing short of scandalous. How the present Kaiser can allow the world to suppose he likes this sort of thing passes understanding. The police have recently seized the remaining copies of the October number of the *Deutsche Rundschau*, which contained the extracts from the Diary. It is understood now that Empress Frederick has postponed her English visit until after Professor Geffcken's trial, because she resolved to remain in Berlin and prevent any suggestion that she had run away. The Princess Christian is said to have written a memoir of Frederick, to which the Queen contributes the preface, which Lord Salisbury is now revising, to prevent political expressions calculated to further anger Germany.



ILLINOIS.—THE STREET-RAILWAY TROUBLES IN CHICAGO—THE POLICE CHARGING A MOB OF STRIKER AND "HOODLUMS" ON CENTRE STREET, NORTH SIDE.
FROM A SKETCH BY WILL E. CHAPIN.—SEE PAGE 155.



VIRGINIA.—UNVEILING THE PICKETT MONUMENT ON "GETTYSBURG HILL," HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY, RICHMOND, OCTOBER 5TH.
PHOTO. BY GEORGE S. COOK.—SEE PAGE 159.



OHIO.—THE GREAT FOUNTAIN AT THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION, CINCINNATI.
FROM A SKETCH BY C. BUNNELL.—SEE PAGE 159.

DR. MACKENZIE'S REPLY.

A VERY full abstract of Sir Morell Mackenzie's book appears in the *British Medical Journal*. The book is divided into three parts, viz., historical, controversial, and statistical. Sir Morell Mackenzie deals solely with the medical aspects of the case, without touching on the political questions. He denies that he ever said that the disease was not cancer. All that he did was to point out that that conclusion had been arrived at on insufficient grounds, and that the first step towards a rational diagnosis—namely, the removal of a piece of growth for microscopic examination—had been omitted by the German physicians. This Dr. Mackenzie was able to do, and Professor Virchow gave so favorable a report on the fragments extracted that the proposed radical operation was abandoned and the case handed over to the English physician.

With regard to the charge made against him by Professor Gerhardt, of having wounded the right vocal cord in his second operation, Sir Morell points out that such an accident is almost impossible with his forceps. He has never known it to occur even to beginners, and, as a matter of fact in the case of Emperor Frederick, there was no objective sign of such an injury having been inflicted. Nor did the august patient afterwards complain of any pain or discomfort such as he must have felt if the supposed wound had had any existence outside of Professor Gerhardt's imagination. Dr. Mackenzie accuses the German physician of having made a charge which he knew to be false in order to shake the confidence of the Crown Prince in his new advisor. He maintains that his German colleagues fully share his responsibility for the line of treatment which was adopted, as if they distrusted him they should at once have openly dissociated themselves from him. They made no sign, however, and even as late as the beginning of October, Professor von Bergmann is said to have admitted that the course which Sir Morell Mackenzie had pursued was the right one.

We are admitted behind the scenes at the eventful consultation held at San Remo in the early part of November, when the great crisis in the evolution of the disease occurred. Interesting details are given as to the heroic fortitude with which the Prince received what was in fact a sentence not only of death, but of prolonged previous suffering.

In describing the tracheotomy, Dr. Mackenzie admits that the operation was, on the whole, performed by Dr. Bramann in a satisfactory manner. Dr. Bramann inserted a canula of altogether unusual size and shape. The lower end of this instrument, according to Dr. Mackenzie, impinged on the posterior wall of the trachea, causing a destruction of the tissue and intense discomfort, with consequent exhaustion. There was at this time a great tension in the relation of the English medical attendant with his German colleagues. He complains that the latter obstinately refused to listen to his suggestions as to a more suitable tube till it was too late. When the case was restored to the English physician, he substituted a Durham's tube for the German canula, with relatively satisfactory results, but irretrievable mischief had already been done.

Professor von Bergmann is accused of having diagnosed secondary cancer of the lung from finding dullness in the back of the liver. Professor Kossman had to be brought all the way from Strasburg to convince him of his mistake. Dr. Mackenzie's account of the events of the fatal 12th of April is very different from Professor von Bergmann's. Dr. Mackenzie does not hesitate to say that Emperor Frederick III. received his deathblow on that occasion. The false passage made by the tube gave rise to an extensive suppuration around the trachea, which steadily drained away the remaining strength of the anguished patient and shortened his life by about ten months.

POLITICAL NOTES.

GOVERNOR HILL of New York is making campaign speeches in Indiana.

It is stated that the women and girls employed in the Government Printing Office have been asked to contribute towards the Democratic campaign fund.

THE report of the Special Senate Committee to examine into the condition of the Civil Service declares that the laws are openly violated by the Federal authorities.

MR. BLAINE reached Indiana last week, making his first speech at Goshen. While in Indianapolis he was the guest of General Harrison on the 11th inst. Indianapolis was the scene of a monster Republican demonstration, in which over 200 clubs and from 50,000 to 60,000 people participated.

THE Republican National Committee has deposited in the Garfield National Bank \$25,000 as a fund to reward persons furnishing information leading to the conviction of persons violating registration laws in New York city or Brooklyn. Chairman Quay offers \$2,000 for the first conviction, \$1,000 for the second, \$500 for the third and \$250 for each subsequent conviction until the fund is exhausted.

A UNIFORMED club of fifty-two women, known as the "Carrie Harrison Club," from Bluffton, Ind., visited General Harrison a few days since. It was the first club of its kind organized in Indiana, and the president says that each member has already secured pledges of from one to three votes for General Harrison. The majority of the club are married ladies. They wore dark-blue uniforms with white and red trimmings, and jaunty blue felt hats. They were accompanied by a band composed entirely of ladies from Montpelier. In honor of their visit, the Carrie Harrison Club of Indianapolis, with a drum corps and thirty-six prettily uniformed young ladies, each carrying a flag, marched to the depot and escorted the visitors to a rendezvous. It was a rare sight to see nearly a hundred uniformed women with a band of sixteen women players marching at the head of a column of nearly fifteen hundred men, visitors from other parts of the State.

RESUMPTION OF NEW YORK & MEMPHIS SLEEPING-CAR LINE

VIA PENNSYLVANIA AND LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD.

THE Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that the Pullman Buffet Sleeping-car Line between New York and Memphis, on Western Express leaving New York at 6:30 p. m., which was recently shortened by stoppage of car at Cincinnati, has been restored to its original run between New York and Memphis.

FUN.

HISTORY furnishes no parallel to the popularity of DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP. 35 cents. Johnny has stumped his toe; poor fellow! Quick!—buy a bottle of SALVATION OIL.

"CALL for Ah Song," said an Australian judge to the Hibernian court-crier, in a Chinese lawsuit. "Gentlemen," shouted the crier to the spectators, "would you of yez favor his Honor with a song?"

PROFESSOR CRAMWELL—"So your son goes back to college to-morrow? What is his class this year?" Mrs. Adley—"Oh, I've really forgotten. Edmund, what's your class this year?" Edmund (proudly)—"Two pounds more and I'll be a middle-weight."—*Tbne.*

SAYS the enlightened editor of the Spring Green (Wis.) *Home News*: "We will vote for James Morgan for Governor, because he advertises in this paper; if Hoard will advertise in it we will vote for him, too. This is political economy." And yet the London *Saturday Review* says that there is no patriotism in this country.—*New York Tribune.*

CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. LAWRENCE, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Burnett's Cocaine allays irritation, removes dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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Nervous exhaustion is now known to come from malnutrition of the nerves. A noted scientist has discovered that if the abdomen which feeds the nerves is not fully digested to the consistency of water, it cannot be absorbed by them; hence their starvation and exhaustion. They are therefore nourished only in proportion to the ability of the stomach to prepare their food, which is the most difficult to digest of all the foods. Not one stomach in five can prepare a sufficient quantity for the overworked. Hitherto artificial digestion has only been able to but partially do its work for the coarser circulatory vessels. Three years ago this deficiency was overcome in the manufacture of the Moxie Nerve Food, which has shown before the U. S. Courts many old cases of helpless paralysis and nervous wrecks recovered by it. It helps the nervous, tired and overworked in a few hours, leaving no reaction. 50c. a qt. bottle. 66 University Pl., N.Y.

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Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties, if taken in time. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh in the Head, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs. For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

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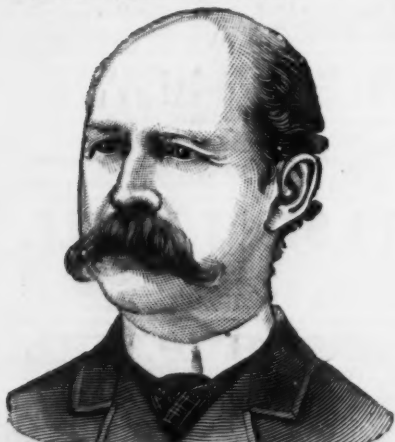
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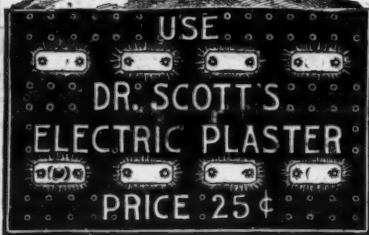
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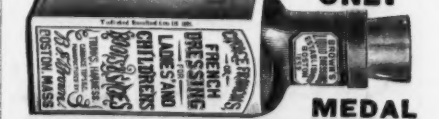
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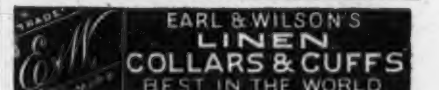
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